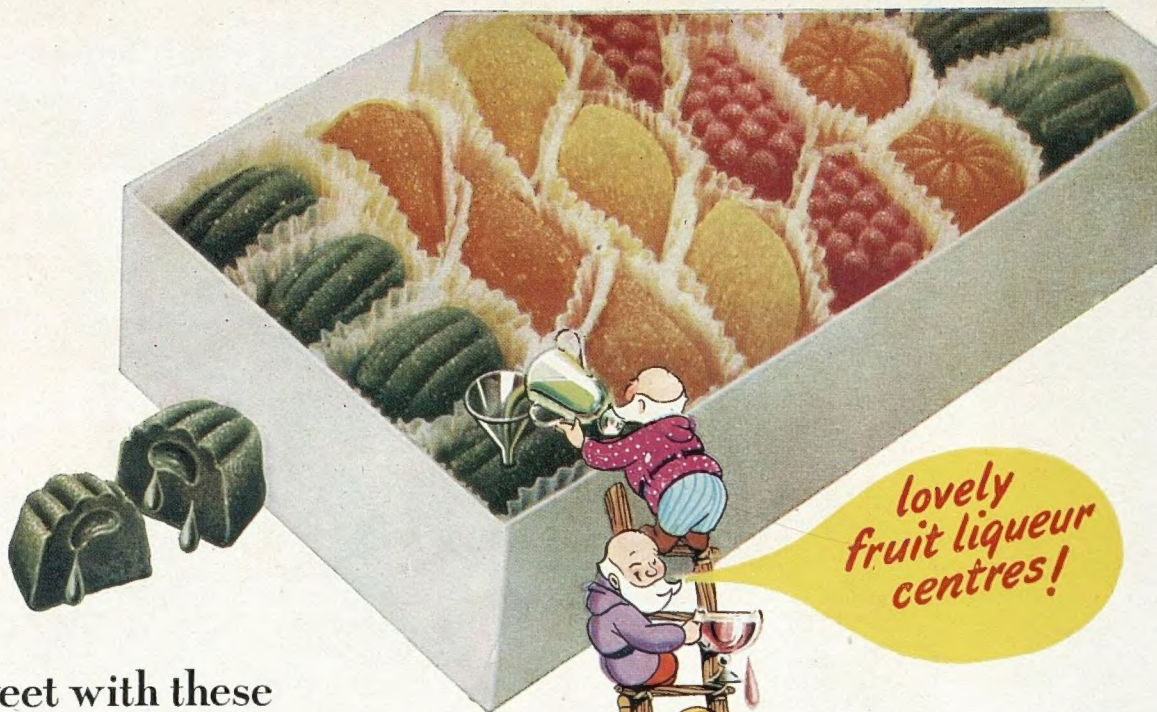


BRITANNIA^{and} EVE



SEPTEMBER, 1951

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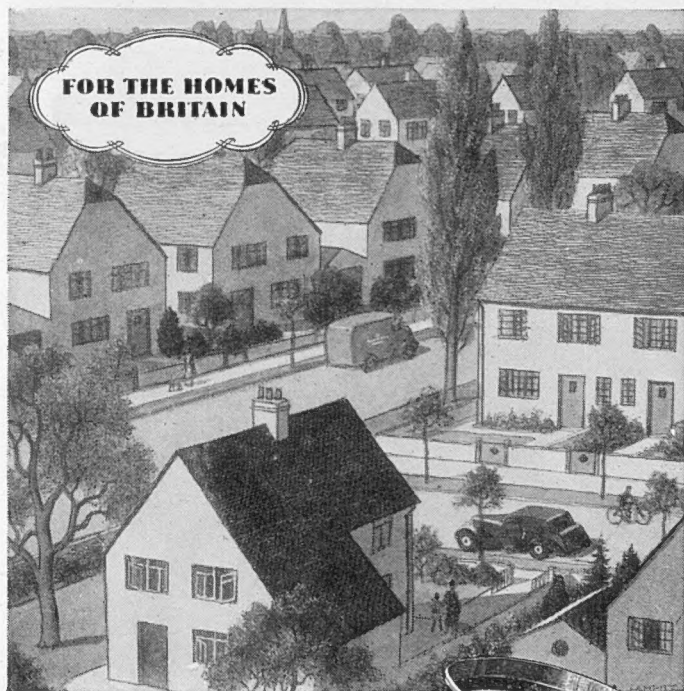


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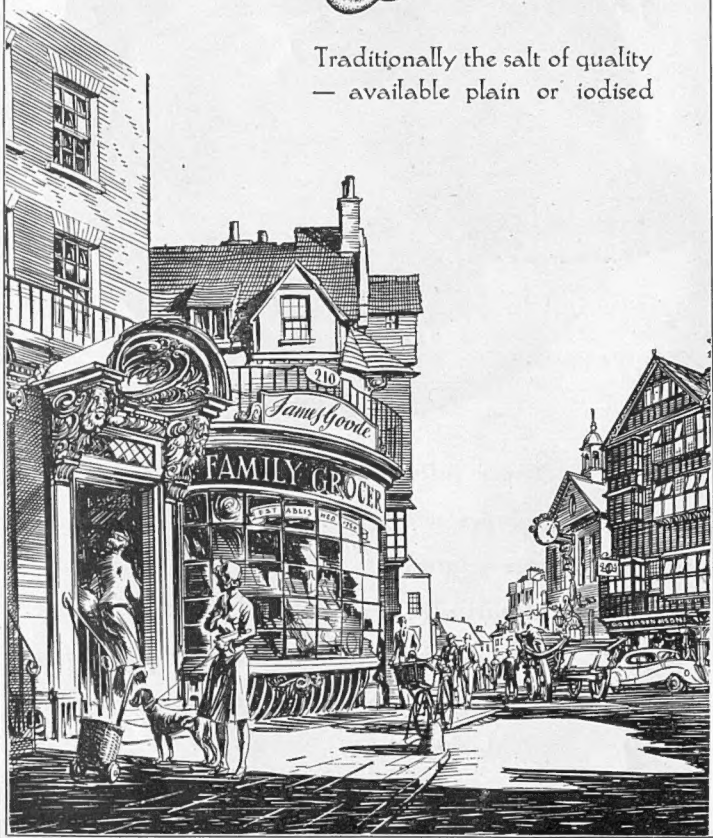
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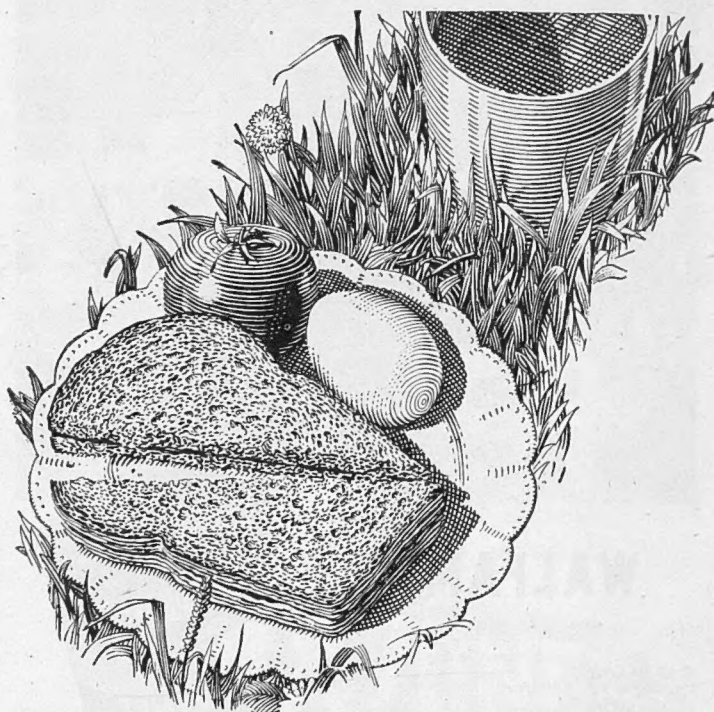
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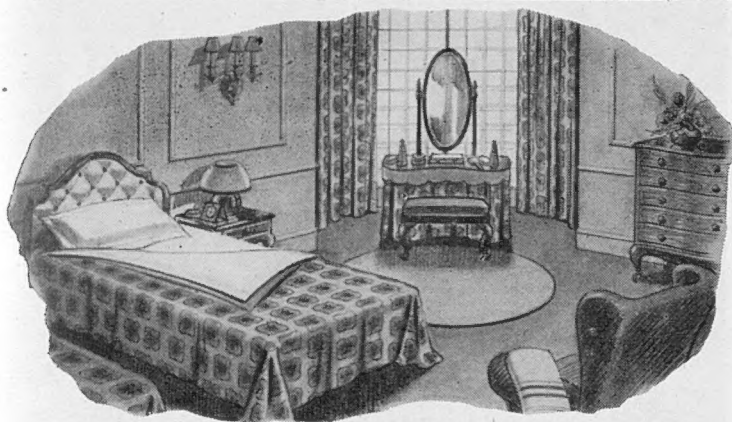
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Britannia & Eve for September, 1951

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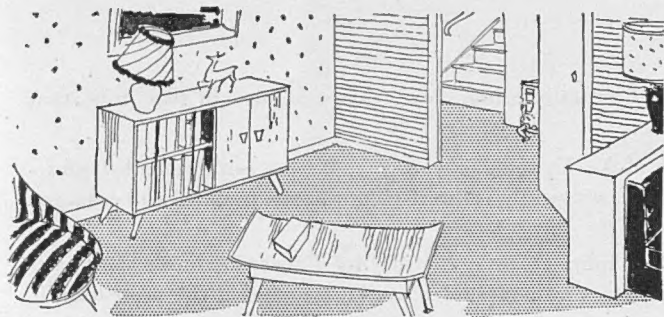


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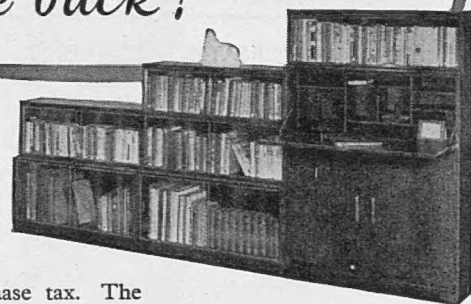
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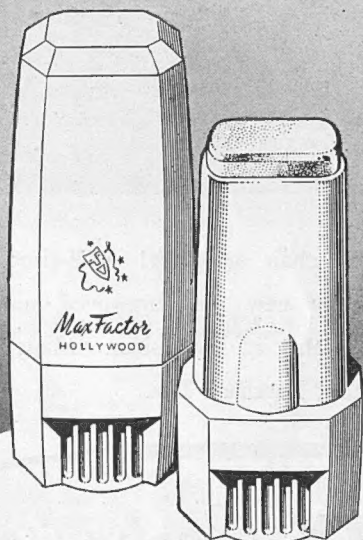


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Britannia and Eve



He ventured to open the door; before him were six girls: (1) clothed; (2) half-clothed; (3) naked.

MARK BRINTON and I stood at the door, watching his wife and son.
"The dog—," Noel read slowly.

"Yes, darling. What's he doing? Look at the picture. He's—?"

Noel's forehead was puckered; his serious eyes moved back and forth from word to picture; his right hand tugged reflectively at his left ear; his tongue strained to reach his nose. He was a study in concentration.

And Alice was absorbed in the delightfulness of her son and the immensity of his effort.

"It's a shame to break it up," Mark said. "But I've brought a guest to pot-luck dinner."

Alice and Noel came back to this world with a reluctance immediately suppressed by the hostess in Alice but entirely unconcealed by the student in Noel.

"At that moment you were both the living embodiment of Sergé's theory," Mark chuckled.

I had the curiosity to ask what Sergé's theory was, and this is the story I was told over dinner.

Some years previously, Mark, who was in the Diplomatic Service, had been Consul in an American East Coast city. One day, he was feeling exhausted and disgruntled; in the morning, he had struggled with a report in a race against time to catch the diplomatic bag, followed by a dash to a Rotarian lunch without having prepared the speech that he was to make, and he had returned to face a long and trying interview with the irate captain of a British ship.

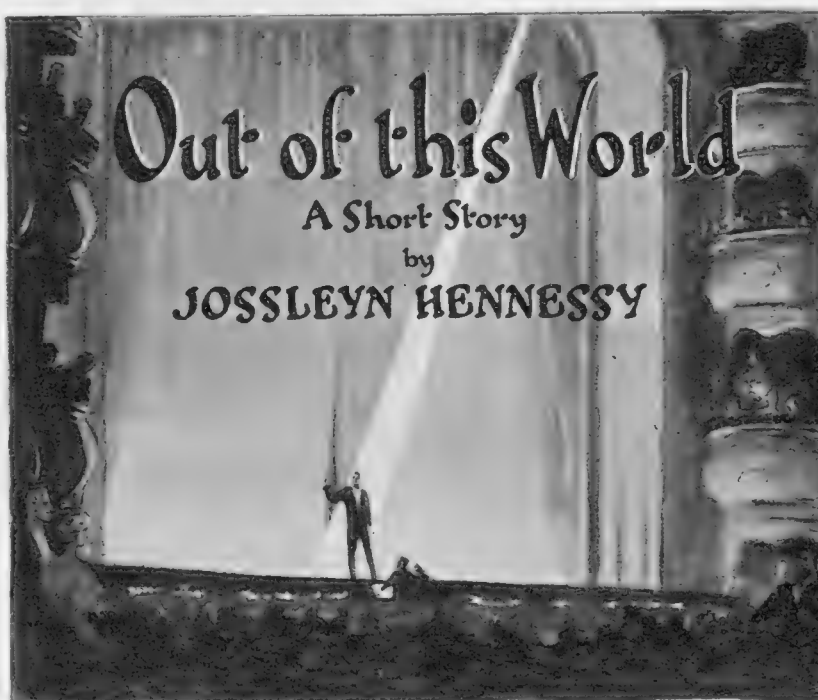
As he was leaving his office, he was handed a telegram from the New York Consulate which said that a firm of London solicitors wished urgently to trace a woman named Mrs. Lentaigne. New York had ascertained that she was with Vladimiroff's Russian Ballet; the company was due there that afternoon; instead of sending one of his vice-consuls,

"Zee train she arrive 'ere at seven o'clock, so now we 'ave eenoff time for preparink nothings. Everybody moost dance vizout feeds. On top of sees—vun hour before coortain she ees not op—I find *Sylphides* scenery 'e 'as gone to Washington and *Schéhérazade* scenery 'e cominks 'ere!"

The speaker's wrath was the more terrible for the magnificence of the turban and jewelled robes of Shahriar in which he was clad. The small man, tired and unshaven, held out weak hands in protest to the Emperor of all the Indies.
"Now, be reasonable, Sergé. I can't help it if the railroad sends the wrong freight car here —"

"Ach, Joe! Now you blame yourself on ozzers! You are baggage master; see baggage she ees your mistress. You neglect 'er; she leave you. Zen you expect me to opset zee right you 'ave put wrong! I spit myself of you viz a veek's notice. You are on fire." Sergé strode off. Gloomily, Joe pushed Mark aside and went out. The stage-doorkeeper's office was empty; Mark walked up the passage.

He saw a row of dressing-rooms. Voices came from the nearest. He knocked; he knocked louder; no one heard. He ventured to open the door; before him were six girls: (1) clothed; (2) half-clothed; (3) naked. Horrified at his intrusion, fascinated by its outcome, he stood there for a full five seconds, staring. The hurrying girls—making up—dressing—washing—gave him unseeing glances, but a shivering member of category (3) called out:



Mark decided to take the message himself; a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the ballet would be a refreshing contrast to the irritations, responsibilities and monotones of consular life. He might perhaps secure a ballerina for supper after the show; he put on his dinner jacket in hopes.

Mark parked his car outside the stage door, and, entering a narrow, brick-walled passage, unavoidably thrust himself into the six-inch space between a black-bearded colossus and a small, apologetic man.



"Leave the ballet!" Mark said, amazed. "Why? From what Sergé has been telling me—"

"Come in or go. But shut that door."

Mark stepped back and shut it. Perspiring slightly, he leant against what he thought was the wall behind him; it yielded, and he was precipitated backwards into a small dressing-room. Reflected in a mirror, he saw a man and a blonde locked in a lip-to-lip embrace. Mark was about to retire quietly when the man disengaged with a succulent smack and said:

"Anything I can do for you?"

Normally, Mark was not shy, but he found it difficult to explain to two people thus intimately occupied (1) who he was; (2) why he had entered (a) without knocking and (b) backwards.

"Er—well, I'm the British Consul," he said. "I'm trying to find a Mrs. Lentaigne. I've—"

The man glanced down at the blonde in his arms.

"Are you a Mrs. Lentaigne?" he enquired.

The blonde giggled. "*Mais non*, Monsieur Pavlovsky," she murmured.

Pavlovsky shrugged politely helpless shoulders at Mark and reapplied his lips.

Round a corner, Mark's progress was barred by the mighty form of Shahriar. He was wrestling in a doorway with a glorious creature clad solely in a brassière

that glittered with diamonds and pyjama trousers that shimmered with pearls. From photos that he had seen, Mark recognised Luba Petrovna, one of the world's greatest ballerinas, in the costume of Shahriar's chief wife, Zobeide. Her features were distorted with rage; she was pummelling Shahriar's well-padded chest, and from her dainty mouth Russian spouted in screamfuls.

Since Mark had only too frequently to deal with angry and unreasonable people, he was interested to see how Sergé would cope, and since he knew no Russian he was able to enjoy the argument as a pure art form. He quickly realised that Sergé's technique was on a higher plane than his own; whereas he, Mark, adopted a deliberately lowered voice and soothing tone, Sergé met shrieked unreason with shouted unreason; when Luba uttered evidently ridiculous threats, Sergé challenged her to carry them out; he fanned her rage that it might consume itself the sooner. As she weakened, his became the dominating voice until it rose to impassioned heights in sonorous appeal to Luba's artistic pride, her duty to herself and to Vladimiroff's company. She ceased her alternate pacings and pummellings; slowly, her wrinkled forehead cleared itself. Touched by Sergé's

outpourings, spent by her own, she said what Mark took to be: "Very well, Sergé, I will." Sergé kissed Luba's hand with the respect of an Emperor to his Queen; they emerged together in the serenest amity. It was Mark who felt it necessary to take out his handkerchief and mop his brow.

"Er—I'm the British Consul—" he began.

"Ach! I am Breetish sobject!" Sergé said heartily. "You vant see my passport, yes? Bot not now. Zee train she vas be'ind 'erself, so every'tink ees viz its feet in zee air. I am in a flat *pirouette*—'ow you say?—flat spinster."

"I have a message—"

"You give me after," Sergé said. "You like see ballet from vinks, yes?"

On the stage, men were sweating to complete the set for *Schéhérazade*, while every moment more guards, eunuchs, odalisques, sultanas and slaves, arrived breathless from dressing-rooms and began loosening their limbs by bar exercises. It was a bustling scene of purposeful confusion.

Among the medley of noises, Mark heard someone carolling gaily to the melody of the *Blue Danube*: "I have a new baby, teep-teep, teep-ia, though I'm sixty to-day, teep-teep, teep-top."



Beside him stood a jolly, grey-haired man in white tie and tails whom Mark assumed to be Effrem Constant, the conductor. Mark smiled sympathetically; Constant grasped both his hands and shook them enthusiastically.

"Overture, Mr. Constant," shouted a voice. "House lights!"

"Sixty to-day!" Constant sang, and giving Mark a final triumphant squeeze, he broke off and hurried away.

Suddenly Sergé reappeared.

"Ve 'ave not told audience *Sylphides* she ees *Schéhérazade*," he said. "You 'ave nice deener-jacket. You go before coortain, You announcink."

"Oh! But I——"

"You 'ave experience. You mek meny spichs after deener, yes?" Sergé flattered him. "Everybody 'as deener before comink to ballet, so after-deener spich ees same as before-ballet spich," he persuaded. "You moost tell zem so nicely, audience vill be glad ees

Illustrations
by
W. S. HUTTON



"Really, Mark!" Alice said. "There's no need to tell the world I hadn't a stitch on the first time you saw me."

Schéhérazade not *Sylphides*," he indicated the required line. "I am Breetish subject. You are my consul. I confide to you," he declaimed in patriotic appeal. "You go!" he commanded.

Mark now understood more clearly Luba Petrovna's feelings before Sergé, and he also realised that Sergé would have dispatched this afternoon's irate British sea captain in half the time that he had.

"Coortain spotlight!" Sergé shouted to the electrician, and putting an arm round Mark's shoulders, he led him to the centre of the curtain and pushed him through. Mark was deafened by the audience's cheerful din and the orchestra's tuning scrapes and blares, and he was dazzled by the spotlight. Then he heard Constant tap his baton on his desk, and he discerned the old man smiling paternally up at him. Audience and orchestra were stilled to a pin-drop silence. For a second Mark was paralysed, but he had, after all, faced innumerable audiences before, and there was nothing difficult in what he had to explain.

Mark spoke. When he bowed, there was a round of warm appreciation, and he knew that he had successfully conveyed his own feeling of the great effort that the company, disorganised by a late train and errant scenery, was making in order that the audience's pleasure should not be spoiled. The curtain re-enveloped him and he found himself clasped to Sergé's billowing bosom.

"You are artist!" Sergé said. "Now, I give you to George, zee stage manager. 'E look after you. Watch 'im. 'E ees artist too."

George greeted Mark sourly. "See, here, brother," he said. "I'm plenty busy with my music cues for entrances and props and lights, without having visiting firemen on my hands. Stand behind that flat, there. Don't move. Don't balk the dancers going on and off . . . Let's go."

MARK was the least bit disappointed that the ballet was *Schéhérazade*. He had never seen it; but he knew the plot; Shahriar's brother, Shah-Zeman, warns him that his favourite, Zobeide, is unfaithful, and persuades him to leave on a pretended hunting expedition. Shahriar returns to find his wives at the height of an orgy with the palace slaves; he orders his guards to slaughter all without mercy. The curtain falls with dead bodies littering the stage. A tawdry melodrama.

But, as the slowly rolling majesty of Shahriar's *motif* rose from the orchestra, followed by the sinuous *legato* line of the violins weaving Zobeide's perfumed spells, Mark was soon lost in the kaleidoscopic world of Bakst's gorgeous set, Fokine's exciting choreography and Rimsky-Korsakov's iridescent music. Shahriar sat moodily next to Zobeide on voluptuous cushions heaped on a blood-red carpet; overhead, from among the heavy folds of sensuously green curtains, hung ornately massive incense-burners. At the back, a blue-gold night streamed in from the shimmering harem gardens.

Gone were Sergé, the resourceful ballet-master, and Luba, the temperamental ballerina. In their places were Shahriar and Zobeide. No cardboard figure Shahriar, but a human being tortured between his passion for Zobeide and his cynical brother's whispered insinuations. And Luba's Zobeide was a vibrant woman frustrated behind the harem's marble lattices. If love was to be her only

object, she would not love where she was commanded, but where she willed; her beauty should be used for no ends but her own. Shahriar left. Immediately the harem bribed the eunuchs to admit their lovers. The orgy began. Constant, his eyes on the score, on the orchestra, on the dancers, smote movement and music into one—building the tension up—increasing the shrill anxiety of the trumpets and the sinister warnings of the bass drums—to the climax—the thunderous brass of Shahriar's revenge—so that when the Emperor burst in with his guards, his wrath froze Mark as well as the guilty harem; and the fearful significance of Bakst's blood-red carpet hit him. . . . At last, Zobeide, alone of all, remained alive, clasping Shahriar's knees in supplication. From the swirling aftermath of vengeance and slaughter, the music had died away, and a single violin now gave forth Zobeide's bewitching theme. Her beauty weakened Shahriar's determination, and she saw it. Tremulous, she was summoning her wiles, when, with lazy scorn, her enemy Shah-Zeman drew Shahriar's glance to the body of his rival, Zobeide's golden slave. Fury choked the Emperor; violently he signed to the guards. But Zobeide forestalled the flash of their scimitars; she drove a jewelled dagger to her heart and fell at Shahriar's feet . . . while the violins softly filled the air with memories of her kisses, her enchantments—all false, false! yet burning raptures—never again to be tasted. Shahriar hid his face and wept.

(Continued on page 65)



Travellers' Joy

The Return Of The Very Important Person

By

Ferdinand Tuohy



THE original Very Important Person is reputed to date from the whirl of events that succeeded the rupture of the phoney war in 1940. So important was he rated, that security reasons forbade mention of his name even by those responsible for his transport by air.

Was he Mr. Churchill himself? Another version associates first usage of the term with the hush-hush fetching of General de Gaulle from Bordeaux after the fall of France.

Whoever he was, the initials V.I.P. were well and truly born by the time the conflict had loosened up and brought about rush trips to and from the African and American continents. General Smuts was among the earliest V.I.P.s; so were Service high-ups and special envoys of President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. General Sikorsky was the first of few V.I.P.s to die in transit, possibly one of the most pregnant deaths of the war.

Such rare ones had everything brushed aside for them.

A much extended company of V.I.P.s was still receiving the same treatment at the end—indeed, up to mid-1946, when they rated top of five priority classes, of which correspondents were the fourth. But by then they had become sufficiently frequent as no longer to bring the hush-hush finger to the lips, rather the impatient word. Times had changed and these top priority birds had been on the wing long enough. Gradually their ranks thinned, while such as endured did not expect the old privileges.

Well, it didn't last long. V.I.P.s are here again. They are here more than ever they were. Not only has the breed been broadened at the base by reason of a more liberal interpretation of "very important person," but opportunities to figure as such have increased with the quadruple conjunction of investigating and tackling the post-war world's ills and needs, attending to national development policies, waging a pioneering cold

war, and preparing for a possible hot one.

V.I.P. traffic is returning to the stage when ordinary mortals must be prepared to see their seats in aircraft requisitioned and hotel managers inviting them to change their rooms so as to provide quarters for arrivals from loftier altitudes. The next step is a permanent bespeaking of such seats and rooms in case they are required. Then the only difference with wartime will be absence of secrecy.

A whole brood of latter-day V.I.P.s goes to the other extreme by flaunting status on the coat lapel in the form of a row of cryptic initials: F.A.O., W.H.O., U.N.E.S.C.O., E.C.A.F.E., and a covey more. Such ones derive from the principal begetter of V.I.P.s in our post-war world: the United Nations, whose teams of observers and investigators pile up reports gleaned across a large part of the universe. If the U.N. is able to take such little practical action, it makes up things by what has been called "diagnoses by the ton." The old League of Nations only did it by the crate.

U.N. V.I.P.s range far and wide on behalf of a variety of specialized agencies and autonomous bodies that cover the fields of health, education, agriculture, science, child welfare, aviation and finance. Then there's the Economic and Social Council, which travels its own economic, human rights and social commissions, the first of which

breeds many additional V.I.P.s by depending on a collection of regional commissions. But this is getting dull. So it goes—on and on and up and up.

A new cosmopolitan bureaucracy has been created, which sees the world "from the best surroundings" while amassing its data in South America and South-East Asia, Africa, the Near and Middle Easts, India, Western Europe, Colonial territories. About the only place where these new V.I.P.s do not venture is behind the "Iron Curtain."

Oh to be a V.I.P. now that U.N.'s here! Life is dear for the outsize staff in little old New York, but boy, and girl, to be on the road! Be not envious, but rejoice at the luck of your fellow mortals who travel on diplomatic passports, exempt from customs and consular control (recollect that the U.N. enjoy extra-territorial rights in the United States and that these are extended whenever U.N. officials are in transit). Rejoice for the new international Civil Service which is paid in dollars, is exempt from income tax, and benefits by substantial travel, for housing and marriage allowances.

Gangway and salaams for the world-roving cosmopolitans rated as of the V.I.P. category, who escape the crushing attentions visited by nearly all mid-century states upon their lucky citizens. Symbolically, they pass ahead of ordinary fare-paying passengers. Importantly they step into gleaming motor cars instead of the airline omnibus. In rich ease they sit back while being whirled to the best hotel where their reservations take precedence over other guests.

The U.N. Budget sees to it, a fat and generous Budget, even as is the Secretary-General, as a man.

Very occasionally romance steps in and unites a couple of V.I.P.s, when the happy pair may throw off a sub-committee, entailing the engagement of supplementary personnel. A proud time is had by all, the while recommendations (only) are compiled (Continued on page 80)





OTTO SKORZENY

PROFESSOR PONTECORVO

VICTOR GRAYSON

GUY BURGESS

GALLERY OF MISSING MEN

Some Notable Predecessors Of Burgess And MacLean

By

GUY LIVINGSTON

CABINET concern and Parliamentary questions, police alerted in half a dozen countries, lavish Press coverage and a £1,000 reward offered by a national daily, have recently shown that when diplomats go missing in these uneasy days it is news—and not exactly good news. And the crop of reports of the missing Englishmen being seen in various places from the Pyrenees to the Iron Curtain are a measure of the public interest in what has been one of the most sensational dis-

appearances in the last half-century or so.

By now the mysterious three-month-old affair of the vanished Foreign Office officials may have been solved—or again it may not. But whether or not the elusive pair have yet been found or have declared their whereabouts, in staging a disappearance that has set the world by the ears they have earned a more-than-modest place in the strangely-assorted and select Company of Missing Men.

Top niches in this exclusive gallery should perhaps be given only to individuals who have vanished never to be seen or identified again, of whom in the last sixty years or so there has been an interesting handful—a couple of travelers, an ex-M.P., a wealthy business magnate, two Nazi high-ups, a scientist and no doubt others. All these have for one reason or another—perhaps voluntarily, perhaps involuntarily—disappeared unaccountably from mortal or, at least public ken, to remain subjects of speculation among their friends and the world at large.

Take, for a start, the case of Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, of the publishing family, who vanished on Mount Olympus in 1889. He and a friend named Hardinge set out to climb the famous mountain in July of that year, and half-way up, they

separated, Hardinge to continue to the higher of Olympus's two peaks, Macmillan to scale the lower and then follow his companion on to the higher one.

Hardinge clearly saw Macmillan on the lower slope and waited for him to rejoin him. But Macmillan never came—and, indeed, was never seen again. Two hundred searchers combed the mountain, spurred on by a reward of £500 for Macmillan alive and £25 for his corpse. But, dead or alive, Macmillan did not turn up. Was it accident? Experts said no, for there were no crevasses on Olympus into which he could have fallen without being discovered. Was it kidnapping by Circassian bandits? Seemingly not, for no ransom was demanded. The mystery of this vanished mountaineer has never been solved.

Less inexplicable than Macmillan's vanishing (almost into thin air) was Colonel Fawcett's disappearance in the perilous "green hell" of the Brazilian jungle. Fawcett set out in 1925 from Cuyaba in Brazil with a few companions to explore the dense Matto Grosso. Messages came back from him for a few months and then stopped. After three years' silence, during which no clue emerged as to Fawcett's fate, another explorer, Commander Dyott, went in search of him. Having followed Fawcett's trail in this hostile and forbidding country, Dyott reported that there was good evidence that the colonel and his whole party had been killed by Indians. But still the rumours have persisted that Fawcett is alive.

It is one thing to vanish on a lonely Greek mountainside or in a Brazilian jungle: it is another to disappear in broad daylight in a London street. This is what happened to Victor Grayson one day in 1920.

Grayson's case made one of the strangest disappearance stories of those early post-war years. A Socialist spell-binder of great popular appeal, this ex-M.P. for Colne Valley (he sat from 1907 to 1910) had before 1914 gone to



MARTIN BORMANN—"Hitler's right-hand man," with Topp and Suhren. This photograph was in Eva Braun's album

New Zealand, and he returned, to England in the First World War as an Anzac soldier. But his health broke down and, discharged as a sick man, he arranged to visit an old friend at Colne by a certain train from London. He never arrived, and when inquiries were made it was found that he had walked out of a Strand hotel leaving a half-finished whisky and soda. From that day there was no news of Victor Grayson.

New York rivals this London disappearance story with the fifteen-year-old episode of Frederick Lloyd. A wealthy British business man of sixty-three, Lloyd entered a taxi with a lawyer friend after lunch one October day in 1936 and, dropping his friend, rode on alone—to become a missing man. His companion heard him tell the driver: "Go north on Broadway," but that was the only clue to Lloyd's subsequent movements.

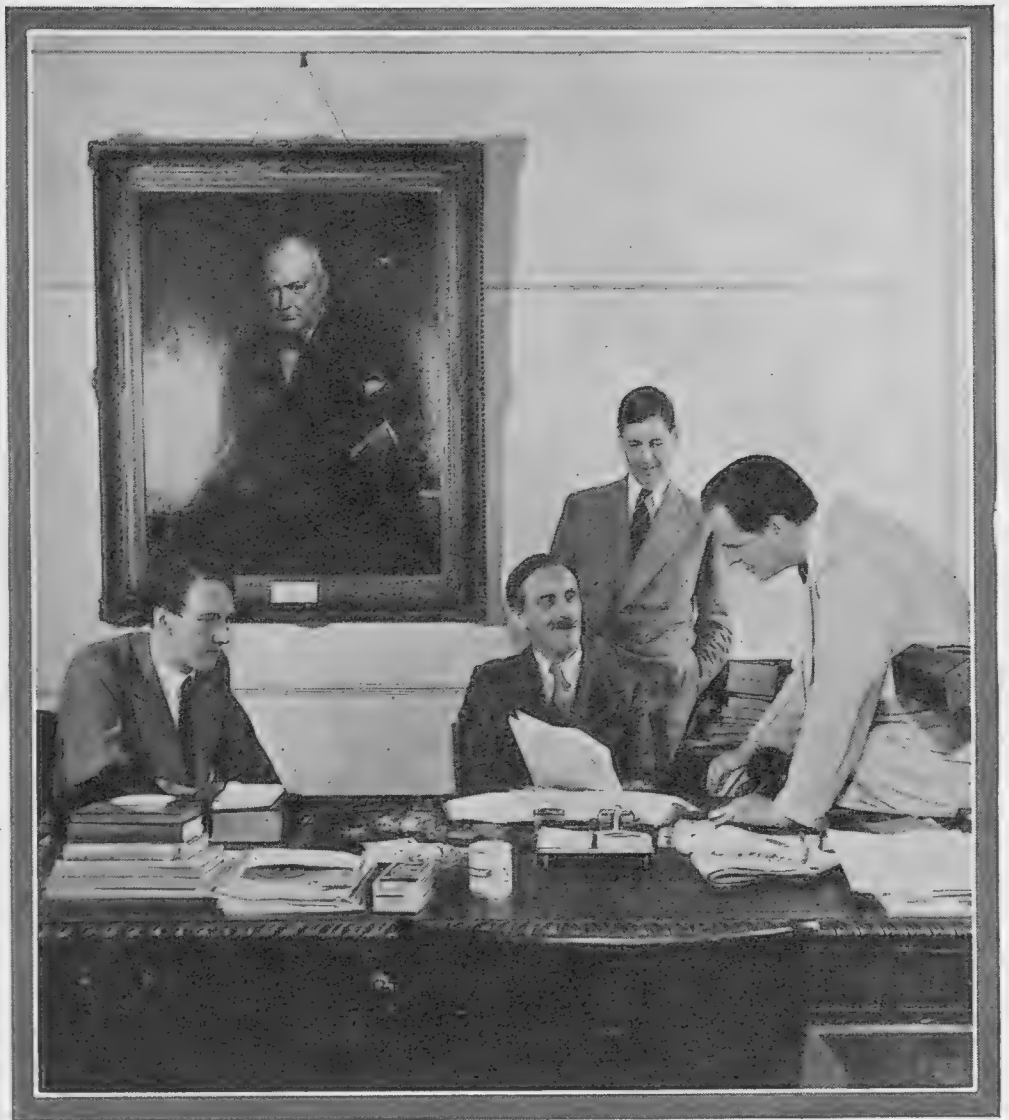
New York's police and the F.B.I. considered theories of robbery and murder, and even toyed with the wild idea of a Nazi kidnapping (allegedly on account of a petrol-producing process of Lloyd's which they were said to covet). But Lloyd was never found and in 1944 the law presumed him dead. It has been suggested that a motive for his disappearance could lie in the story he told his chauffeur of a youthful marriage to a girl in Texas (long before his marriage to the lady the world knew as Mrs. Lloyd): he may have decided to cut adrift, at sixty-three, to his first love. But the real answer is anybody's guess.



COLONEL FAWCETT

From peace and private citizens to war (or its aftermath) and public figures. Though, at the end of the second World War, fate and the Allies caught up with most of Germany's leaders, a couple of top Nazis remained uncaptured—Martin Bormann and Otto Skorzeny.

Bormann, of course, may be dead, but (as with the indisputably defunct Hitler himself) the legend of his survival lives on. This one-time Chief of Staff to Hess and Deputy to Hitler was, concludes H. R. Trevor-Roper, author of *The Last Days of Hitler* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), killed while fleeing from beleaguered Berlin. But stories soon began to circulate of his escape and he was indicted with the other Nazi chiefs at Nuremberg, found guilty and sentenced to death in his absence.



DONALD MACLEAN (sitting at table on right). This picture was taken when he was First Secretary in the British Embassy in Washington in 1947. Left to right are: N. J. Henderson, then Second Secretary, Sir John Balfour, and, standing, W. D. Allen, then Head of Chancery

Did Bormann die in Berlin's ruins or is he—from the safe haven of South America or elsewhere—cocking a snook at his old enemies, a missing and a wanted man?

The vanished Skorzeny—"Hitler's Trigger-man"—is, according to the evidence, very much alive. That he should figure at all in the gallery of missing men is remarkable, for this twenty-stone six-footer, with the handsome, duel-scarred face, would be outstanding anywhere. Captured at the end of the war, he escaped from Darmstadt in 1948 and in February last year was seen drinking Pernod with a girl friend outside a fashionable Parisian café.

An intriguing account of a private quest for Skorzeny—Mussolini's kidnaper—was recently broadcast by the writer W. Stanley Moss who, to gather material for a book on Mussolini's last days, tried with a friend to contact this much-wanted Nazi in Paris when the news broke of his presence there. Moss did not catch up with Skorzeny, but he got very close on his trail and learnt some interesting things, both about Skorzeny and about the cross-currents of international espionage.

Last year's most publicised recruit to the company of the missing was Harwell physicist, Professor Pontecorvo. When Italian-born Bruno Pontecorvo failed to return to England in September from a Roman holiday, British authorities got

worried on account of his knowledge of atom secrets. Rumoured first to have flown to Warsaw, he was in fact traced to Stockholm and Helsinki. Here he apparently registered at no hotel, and suspicions that he had left Finland by an under-cover route arose when he did not collect his passport, previously handed in for renewal of his Finnish visa. Where did Pontecorvo go? That is a puzzle whose most likely key may be the Professor's atomic know-how.

But for every Pontecorvo, for every person whose disappearance is spectacular enough to reach the headlines, there are hundreds who vanish (in most cases only temporarily) and leave little impression save on police statistics and their own immediate circle. In London during 1949 (the last year for which figures were available at time of writing) about 1,200 people were recorded as missing, though by the year's end all but fifty-two had turned up. These figures are about average for the post-war years.

To the hard-worked police who have to sift these cases, the existence of so many temporary absentees is a constant nuisance. In his 1946 Report, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner was constrained to draw a distinction between responsible adults who leave home for personal reasons and reappear shortly afterwards, and persons genuinely missing. And he emphasized that what causes so many (Continued on page 70)



The British frigate *Surprise* steams into Valletta Harbour

"THE PRINCESS'S ISLAND"

*Malta Revisited: An Ideal
Resort—If You Can Afford It!*

By Geoffrey Willans



Last February's picture of Princess Elizabeth watching the departure of the Mediterranean Fleet, with the Duke of Edinburgh aboard H.M.S. *Magpie*



"... Small stone walls to enclose the precious soil in an island bald of vegetation..."

IT was appropriate to return to Malta to the sound of violent explosions.

Coming in to land in early evening the aircraft was poised between a spread of purple sunset and a huge yellow cheese of a moon—and then, without warning, the dusk literally danced with lights and the sharp crackle of explosions. A Maltese passenger in the seat behind calmed me:

"It's the fiesta," he explained. Adding: "Every year they spend thousands of pounds on fireworks."

As a piece of symbolism on returning to the island after eight years, however, it was extremely apt. After the worn, pinched look of August, 1943, Malta to-day literally sparkles with gaiety and good things—there are limitless nylons, silks and taffetas in the shops, spirits and cigarettes are cheap, food plentiful and the streets blare with that aggressive note in a horn which proclaims a new British car.

I remembered Valletta in the war for the brutal impression of the bombing. The effect of the shapeless piles of stone, the slicing of buildings and the landslides of rubble gave a terrible shock to the mind. There was no difficulty then, installed temporarily in a dormitory of iron bedsteads at the Union Club, in realizing what the island went through in its years of siege. The little drink shops in the Kingsway were almost empty, the meagre rations were printed in the newspaper and, like Britain, it was an island of queues.

So one saw with pleasure how tidy the island had become—the rubble down which one picked a careful way at night has gone; there is a vast new hospital, gleaming new churches and a luxury hotel of imposing dimensions which dominates the Grand Harbour. Perhaps it is not surprising for, as the Maltese will tell you, their only product is building stone and, as for the finance, the British Government made the island a reconstruction grant of thirty million pounds. What if financial experts shake their heads in grave concern? The effect is pleasing.

Yes, everything is pleasing. Emerging like a hibernating bear from the dark cavern of the welfare state one looks (Continued on page 76)

HIDE and SNEAK

A Nationalised Industry In A Stately
Home Becomes The Setting
For Romance

By Clive Burnley

IT was Hushed Up.

But though you can hush skulduggery, like murder and misappropriation of funds, you can't hush a funny story.

I'm going to accuse a respected citizen of entering, if not breaking; of damage to government property, theft of government stores, and assault upon high ranking civil servants; and of one thing even worse.

Charles Harthill-Dugwater is the ac-

cused, artist, aged thirty-two, of Penzance and Hampstead.

He claims to be an artist, but his landscapes and portraits look just like land and people, and everybody knows that to artists such things resemble wall-paper designs. He writes and illustrates little books with titles like *A Palette in Perthshire* or *An Easel in Essex*, and in his pictures you can actually tell the cows from the church steeples. Moreover he doesn't look like an artist; his moustache

is flight-lieutenant's pattern, wavy at the ends, and at six-foot-three you'd fancy he'd be big enough to do a useful job, like crane-driving.

Charles had actually led a fairly blameless life until last June. At that time he was wandering afoot through some home-county bridleways, gathering material for *A Haversack in Herts*. On such expeditions he put as little weight on his feet as possible, and apart from the few sandwiches and flask there usually were in the poacher pockets of his raincoat he carried all his luggage slung over one shoulder. This consisted of a sketching case to which was strapped an oilskin roll containing night and toilet gear; his linen caught him up by post.

ONE afternoon he was strolling down a leafy lane when suddenly there came to him the feeling that he had been there before. Oddly enough, he had. When he came to a fingerpost that said **INGLEROW 2 MILES** he knew he had. This was a relief to him, because he was anxious not to confuse himself with psychic perceptions; he was anxious, too, not to harrow his feelings, and he at once decided to take the opposite direction. But faraway over the lea, Inglerow Church struck one, and like Whittington, he turned.

He found Inglerow village much the same, apart from the fact that different brewers ran the inn, and all the white grit roads were now blue macadam and there were more people about. One of these people was going the same way as himself, towards Inglerow House, some twenty yards ahead of him. She was a girl with spun-gold hair who wore a flowered frock. And if she had not walked in quite the way she did, a manner so worthy of study, the whole thing might never have happened at all.

The commoner gaits of girls Charles knew well enough to classify: the sharp clacking noise made by the self-important, or those who have just quarrelled with their relatives; the effort to make long strides on short legs which makes many young trouser-wearing wives go along dipping, rather how wagtails fly; the ankle-turning of those who can't stand on their own feet; the velvet-footed pacing of the . . . But this easy, competent, graceful lope, what sovereign personal virtues did it denote?

The girl walked on, through the lodge gates and up the drive, and Charles came steadily after, through the lodge gates and up the drive. She went up the steps to the main entrance and into Inglerow House, and Charles went up the steps



" . . . beside those cabinets stood the girl in the flowered dress . . . "

and into the house behind her, taking no notice at all of the chastely-lettered enamelled plate which bore the words NATIONAL SLATE AND PAVING BOARD or of the commissionaire who, gin-faced and be-ribboned, sat in a glass hutch in the entrance hall looking like an enormous tropical fish in an aquarium. The girl went up the main staircase, ascending diagonally with as much grace as she progressed vertically, and Charles went up the main staircase behind her. Shortly, after, however, she went, so far as he was concerned, out of bounds.

The result, anyhow, was this. That instead of stopping in the entrance hall and wrangling with the doorkeeper, filling in a form, and being told to come back next Wednesday week, Charles had serenely marched into Inglerow House with too much assurance to be stopped and was now in the very heart of that bureaucratic fortress.

Busy people with preoccupied expressions and papers in their hands passed along the corridors, paying no attention to him at all; the old building was hive-like.

To law-abiding citizens—such as obey that Income Tax Form injunction which says: "Think carefully. Have you forgotten any additional source?"—this must seem deplorable enough. Much worse followed, however.

THE entire duration of Charles Harthill-Dugwater's escapade at Inglerow House was eleven days, although it is true he wasn't in the building all the time. And, like those people who were locked in, nobody knew he was there.

There were special reasons for this state of affairs. Charles had himself been born in Inglerow House, in the distant days when it had belonged to the Harthill-Dugwaters, who had been in residence when Queen Bess had come to stay, when Cromwell had blown the porch off the west front, and when Capability Brown had laid out the grounds. But a decade or so ago the thing called Economic Pressure had economically pressed them out, and after them had come the Americans and finally the National Slate and Paving Board. This chance visit was the first Charles had made to the old house since it had ceased, so far as he was concerned, to be the old home.

Now Inglerow House was, at a conservative estimate, two dozen buildings, for no Harthill-Dugwater had ever pulled any of it down or allowed any of it to be burnt, while each succeeding heir had added something to it in the style of the period, so that it was now a very beautiful architectural junk-heap, showing a different expression on every front, full of corners, peculiar shapes, and quite disgustingly unplanned. Among the noteworthy features it had possessed were some exceptional tapestries, now rolled up in a museum vault somewhere, and a fine collection of armour, now herded in another museum with so much other armour that it is never seen by anybody, and some delightfully eccentric Elizabethan chimneys, on which the Slate and Paving Board had put galvanized cowl, and the Priest's Room.

Now priest's rooms, or priest's holes, are, as you probably know, secret hiding places, except that they aren't generally secret any more. Learned books have been written about them and of the rather fine example at Inglerow Hall there is even a pen-and-ink drawing in the Victoria County History. They aren't uncommon in old houses and were erected to succour various pious underground movements in the days when martyrdom was easy and persecution persistent, even in this mellow island. And because the Priest's Room at Inglerow had been Charles's favourite play place as a child

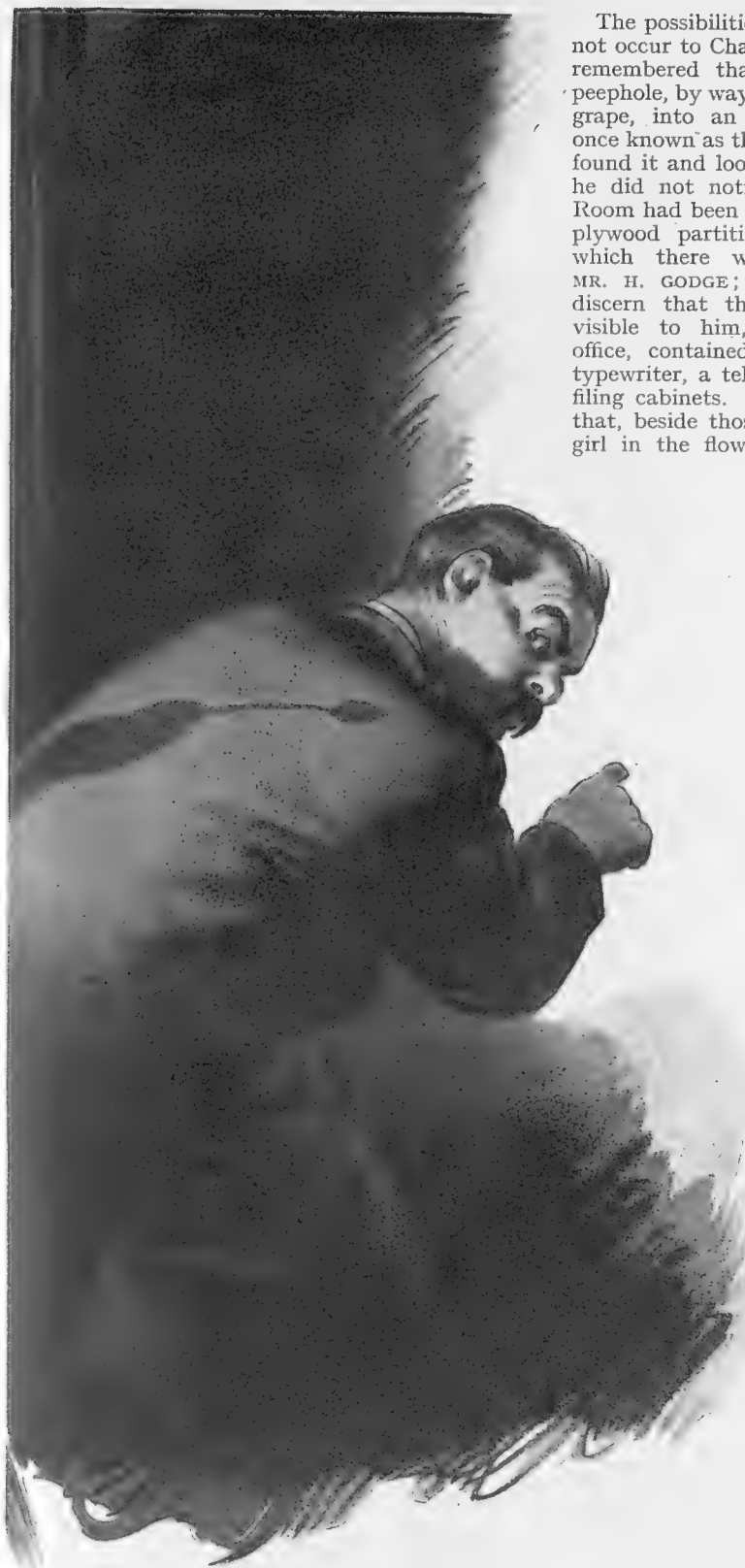
he was very curious to know what the Slate and Paving Board had made of it and went along to see; noticing as he went the filing cabinets in the Long Gallery and the telephone exchange in the Armoury and the typewriters in the Gilt Chamber and the tea-urns in the music room.

When he came into the Panelled Walk it looked much as he remembered it, except for a few lighting fittings obviously borrowed from a super-cinema, and it was also empty, so that he was able to feel for the two well-remembered

little oak grapes, among so many other oak grapes above the panels, which, when pulled, allowed the secret door to open. They were stiff at first, but within a few minutes he was back once again in the Priest's Room, had closed the door behind him, and was examining the place with the help of his cigarette lighter.

Over the floorboards he found a drift of dust that had certainly not been trodden by anything heavier than a spider for years. And in a corner on its side was a yellow wooden toy-railway engine, every chip and scratch upon





MR. GODGE turned with a
squeak of alarm

which Charles instantly remembered. The conclusion was inevitable; nobody on the Board's staff ever read the Victoria County History and the secret hiding place was secret again!

In a limited way Charles was right. The Board was at that time running well in the red, so well in that they hadn't even carried out the usual fifty-thousand pounds worth of renovations at the old house, and although the Board's architects knew all about the Priest's Room they were in Westminster, and kept their own counsel.

The possibilities of the situation did not occur to Charles immediately. He remembered that there had been a peephole, by way of another removable grape, into an adjoining apartment once known as the Unicorn Room. He found it and looked through. At first he did not notice that the Unicorn Room had been divided into two by a plywood partition, upon a door in which there was a label reading MR. H. GODGE; nor did he at once discern that the half of the room visible to him, forming the outer office, contained a desk, a stool, a typewriter, a telephone and two steel filing cabinets. What he did see was that, beside those cabinets, stood the girl in the flowered dress; with the

assurance of one totally unobserved she was adjusting a suspender.

Charles now understood the potentialities of his discovery.

Not unnaturally, he thought he had some right in Inglerow House. There is some excuse for him. As for the repellant peeping-tomfoolery well, the provocation was enormous. She had a serene and satisfying profile, too. The dark plot began to build itself up. Could he do it? Would it work?

It did. Charles slept for eleven days beneath the old ancestral beetle-bored roofs.

Several circumstances combined to help him. Just then the Board's surveyors were very busy measuring some local quarries with fantastic accuracy; they walked in and out of the house at all times carrying shoulder-slung equipment and everyone, including the door-keeper (who was sweetened up occasionally by

cigarettes and racing tips) assumed that Charles was of their number. So long as he wasn't seen entering or leaving his hideout he could pretty well come and go as he pleased, even carrying the most outlandish bundles. He borrowed a leather-cased surveying tape that he chanced to find on one of his nightly forages and carrying this as a badge of office he was never challenged. These nightly excursions he made in the quiet hours that elapsed between the departure of the office staff and the arrival of the cleaners; he soon knew precisely where

the watchmen were at any time and he could always have lost them, if put to it, in this old house.

Among other government property he acquired a dustpan and brush, a couple of blankets, a chair and cushion, a glass and an ashtray. It was convenient that there was a bathroom exactly opposite the entrance to the Priest's Room. He went out into the village during the day, made a sketch or two, and ate; came back early enough to peep at Miss Frances Grange (he overheard her name quite early in his stay) before the office closed, went for a short prow after the staff had gone, and then settled in with a battery-lamp he had purchased to read or write. The long evenings in jail were trying at first, but he soon discovered that he could safely take the air in a number of directions without much fear of discovery; in fact he never was discovered. He lived in some meagre comfort, bringing back snacks and an odd bottle of ale from the village, and he thought the joke well worth the hardships.

In the meantime he continued that study which had first brought him back to Inglerow; the study of Miss Frances Grange. People frequently do character-revealing things when they imagine themselves alone, and Miss Grange was no exception; she was only exceptional in that the character she revealed was, Charles felt, so utterly commendable. He began to feel he had known her all his life, for ever. And then one day he actually spoke to her.

They passed on the staircase, and what he said was, of course, about the weather. After that, whenever they saw one another, they did not fail to smile and speak. Then, one lunchtime they walked quite accidentally to the village together, talking, for some reason, about windmills. But what did the subject matter? To discover mutual sympathies any topic at all is sufficient. Finally, by the same sort of accident, they lunched together at the Red Lion Hotel, Charles passing for the occasion as a Mr. Brown; he felt that the staff list would certainly show the name if it were checked. She showed him a rather bedraggled volume she had picked up for twopence in Charing Cross Road during the weekend: *Antiquities of Inglerow*, by the Rev. J. Cotterell, London, 1870.

"I couldn't resist the frontispiece. Look—crinolines on the great lawns."

"Why, great aunt Jane!" exclaimed Charles.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing," said Charles. "Just an exclamation. Like saying Great Scot, you know, or goodness gracious."

She looked at him oddly.

Exactly what conclusion Charles planned to his prank at this time, I cannot guess. Incarceration was becoming tedious, and the best jokes fall flat if, like priest's holes, they are secret. At the same time to abandon Inglerow meant also abandoning Frances Grange, which was something he did not wish to contemplate. Perhaps he felt that if he remained in hiding a little longer their acquaintance might ripen to such a degree that it could be fostered by other means than accidental encounters.

Mr. H. Godge, however, precipitated a crisis.

IN the course of his tom-peeping and leavesdropping Charles had already seen something of Mr. Godge, Miss Grange's immediate superior; (Continued on page 58)



A false alarm on the road to Gretna—"It's only the mail!"—an early picture of an incident on the road to the blacksmith's



Joseph Paisley, the celebrated parson of Gretna Green

"ALL the world," so the familiar saying goes, "loves a lover"; and to it there might well be added a rider to the effect that a special quota of popular sentiment is reserved for the eloping couple. Few themes have been more frequently exploited in song and story, from the days of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and "Jock o' Hazeldean" onwards. "One of the most sentimental elopements!" exclaims Lydia Languish, "so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—and such paragraphs in the newspapers!" And—fiction and poetry apart—to the average romantically-minded miss of the Georgian age Gretna Green was a name to conjure with.

Yet, viewed in the cold light of reason, most—though happily not all—of these runaway marriages were pretty sordid and material affairs. Needy fortune-hunters from across the Irish Sea, seedy adventurers of the Alfred Jingle type, dissipated men of fashion who had risked too much at the gaming tables, had only to persuade some lovesick heiress to a few thousands or even a few hundreds, as the case might be, to cross the Border and make a declaration in the presence of a witness, and their financial anxieties were over—unless, indeed, as sometimes

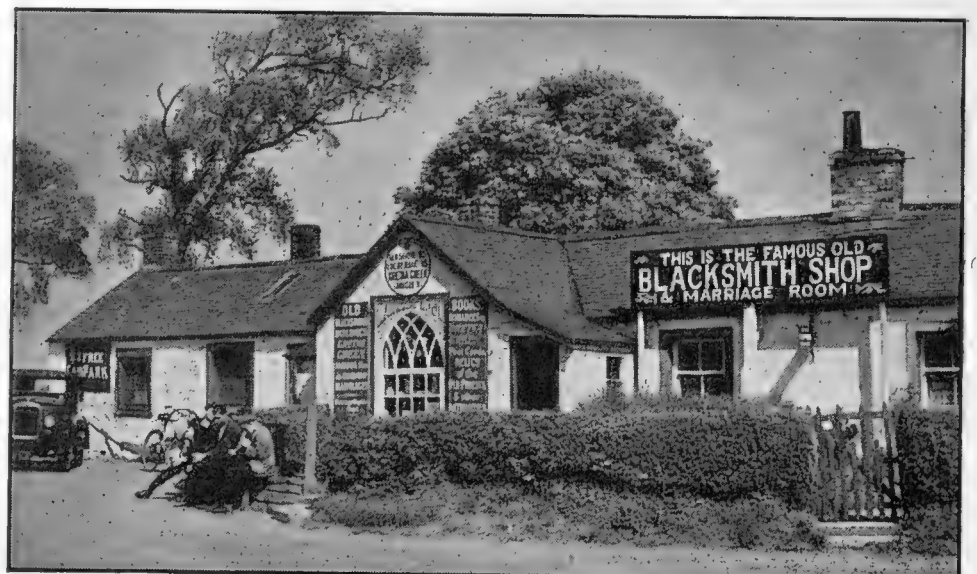
TO GRETNA GREEN — Some Famous Runaway Marriages by C. Fox Smith

happened to these worthies, the lady's dowry was discovered too late to have been so securely stitched up by prudent parents or trustees that the hopeful suitor could by no means get his eager fingers upon it. And in such cases, very often, the disillusioned bride quickly learned that—to quote from yet another ballad on the theme of eloping lovers, likewise set in the Gretna country—"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide";

and her brief and foolish excursion into romance ended in tears and desertion.

GRETNA GREEN—perhaps on account of its conveniently alliterative name—has come to be generally synonymous with a runaway marriage. But it was in fact not until the eighteenth century was more than half spent that Gretna first came into the limelight.

Up to that time (Continued on page 72)



The blacksmith's shop at Gretna Green as the motorist of to-day sees it

A MEDICI ROMANCE



The Elopement with a Venetian Bank Clerk which ended in Marriage with a Grand Duke.

A TRUE child of sixteenth-century Venice, famed for its lovely women, was Bianca Capello, auburn-haired daughter of a once-rich patrician family, and of such fascinating grace and beauty that Titian wanted to paint her at twenty-one.

She was but fifteen when she began slipping out of her father's palazzo to meet a lover in the magic Venetian night—Piero Buonaventura, a youth who worked in Salviati's bank opposite and proclaimed proudly that he was the banker's nephew. One night she had to tell him, "I am with child." Then he confessed, "I am not Salviati's nephew, only a clerk." It was a shock to her, a disgrace to her family.

"You will go into a convent," said her enraged father. Instead, she and Piero eloped in the dark by gondola—with, it is said, some of the father's jewels and money—and fled to Florence, where a priest married them. There was a price on their young heads; the Venetian Council of Ten offered 1,000 ducats reward to anyone who brought them back, dead or alive; the father said: "I will double it!" But under the

"You will go into a convent," said her enraged father. Instead, she and Piero eloped in the dark by gondola—with, it is said, some of the father's jewels and money. . .





Meeting Bianca one day on one of the Arno bridges, she stormed at her servants:
"Throw that woman in the river!"

protection of the rival city they stayed with Piero's Florentine parents.

A child, Pellegrina, was born. Bianca became virtually a drudge in the household, and that might have been the end of her, as far as history is concerned, had she not met Francisco de' Medici, son of the Grand Duke Cosimo I., when she was twenty and he a handsome twenty-two.

It is said that he first saw her at a window, crossing a piazza, fell in love with her, and trapped her into meeting him at the house of the Marchesa

Mondragone, wife of his Spanish tutor. Startled by his sudden appearance when she was left alone in a room, and perceiving at once his intentions, she fell on her knees, crying: "I implore your forbearance and protection!" and appealing to his chivalry. Not in vain—at first. But still he pursued her, offering the ambitious Piero a post at Court by way of recompense and installing them in a fine house near the Ducal Palace.

Another story, possibly deriving from her later enemies, was that she, the really ambitious one, cultivated the friendship of a gentleman who, in return for favours, introduced her to Francisco, and that the husband quickly turned a blind eye to a romance rich with favours to himself.

One fact is beyond question: Francisco, captivated by her beauty, was dominated by it for the next quarter of a century. When his father, to end the scandal, married him off to Giovanni, Archduchess of Austria, in 1564, he was husband only in name, neglecting her to visit Bianca and heap yet more honours and presents on the complaisant Piero.

This was soon to free Bianca of a marriage which had become only an encumbrance, for Piero, exalted by his new offices, made a conquest of a Florentine married lady, Cassandra Bon-gianni, and merely laughed derisively when Bianca, who had been told of the *liaison*, warned him that it might cost him his life. Cassandra's two brothers,

jealous of her honour, had already killed a previous lover. They waylaid Piero one dark December night and left him dead with a score or more stab-wounds. The next morning Cassandra was also found stabbed. That was the Florentine way of avenging family dishonour.

And Bianca, in the next few years? Was she firmly, resolutely stabilising her position, even to the extent of pretending that she had borne Francisco a son? Scandal alleged that she simulated all the appearances of pregnancy and as her "time" drew near, told Francisco and the physicians to leave her and rest, as the event was not imminent. While they were out of the room, and only her maid remained, a woman stole in with a newborn infant boy, plus the incidentals to a genuine birth. Bianca's screams brought the others rushing in, to be confronted with the *fait accompli*. A hoax which she always denied, but one not unknown to history and not wholly incredible in Medici Florence.

Francisco, whose wife so far had presented him only with two daughters, was overjoyed and made little Antonio his heir, though he was illegitimate. His archduchess, naturally, was furious. Meeting Bianca one day on one of the Arno bridges, she stormed at her servants: "Throw that woman in the river!" and only the intervention of a friend in her suite saved a public scandal. Later, after she had herself borne Francisco a son, she again encountered Bianca at Court. "You are a low creature," she hissed. "God's justice will avenge me!"

In 1578 she died; rumour said she was poisoned. "I commend my son to you," she told Francisco at the end, "and urge you to live a more Christian life than in the past—and remember always that I have been your only wife before God and man, and loved you tenderly."

Two months later he and Bianca—now thirty-five and in the full bloom of her beauty—were secretly married. Francisco succeeded to the Grand Dukedom of Tuscany. But two serious obstacles had to be overcome before she could feel secure: the enmity of the Council of Ten, who had never forgiven her flight from

Venice and climb to power in the fiercely rival State; the bitter hatred of Francisco's brother, Cardinal Ferdinandino, who was for ever intriguing against her and trying to get her banished.

In vain she attempted to win him over with gifts. When she heard that he had nosed out "evidence" of the supposed fraudulent "birth" and was about to expose it, she sprang into action. First, her secret marriage must be publicly solemnised with due ceremony, thus regulating her position. Second, the Duke must announce it to Venice, protesting friendship for the Senate on condition that the old hostility cease and she be made a daughter of the Republic.

The official nuptials cost the Duke 300,000 ducats, about a year's ducal revenue, but they made Bianca his Grand Duchess in the eyes of the world, and so impressed the Venetian Senate that they ordered the documents concerning her elopement to be burned and sent an embassy to Florence to sanctify her, as Daughter of the Republic, at a cathedral ceremony, by placing the Doges' cap on her proud head. The bells of the city pealed out; there were banquets, bull fights, masked balls and general rejoicing.

Then the Duke's legitimate son, a delicate boy, died. Nothing now stood in the way of Bianca's son, the Don Antonio, as heir. Her triumph was complete—except for the wily Ferdinandino's determined hostility.

He even spread a story that, at forty, she had plotted a second fake "birth." This time, however, he had her surrounded with trustworthy attendants, so she had to abandon the intention, saying it was merely "a colic." All fashionable Florence derided that "colic."

For nine years she shared the throne, but with a growing preference for country life. Especially did she love their villa at Poggio, exquisitely decorated and furnished, with the dining-room painted to give the effect of a garden, the terrace view over lovely gardens and park, and river flowing through it. There she spent idyllic days riding and hunting.

One hunting party gave her special pleasure, for she had reconciled the two brothers and persuaded Ferdinandino to come from Rome with the Archbishop of Florence. It was a gay party, soon—too soon—to be shadowed. First Francisco fell ill with a fever, then she. Fearing that she was near death, and unaware that he was already dead, she sent a last message to him by her confessor.

"Take my farewell to my lord Francisco de' Medici," she whispered. "Tell him that I have always been most faithful and loving and that my illness is the greater because of his, and beg him to pardon me if I have ever offended him in anything." Then, when the sound of Ferdinandino and the Archbishop leaving told her that Francisco was indeed dead: "Likewise, it accords with my own wish that I should die with my lord." And barely twelve hours after him she, too, died at the age of forty-four.

Were they poisoned? It was said that Bianca prepared a poisoned pasty for Ferdinandino, but—warned by the stone in his ring changing colour—he refused it and passed it to the Duke, who ate from it. Then she, knowing that the rack or execution block awaited her, also ate of it. While both lay in mortal agony the Cardinal kept watch with two pistols, his own servants forbidding anyone to bring them help.

A tragic end for the little Venetian Bianca who ran off with the bank clerk and became the Grand Duchess of a Medici.

...but Ferdinandino, seizing the opportunity for which he had long waited, poisoned Bianca with a draught of medicine sent to "comfort her in her grief"





WITCHING FOR WATER

by
R. H. Ferry

THOUGH 450 years before Christ the wise old historian, Halicanassus, began to "pour cold water" on the diviner's art in all its many forms, diviners live on. In spite of this scientific era in which water is "laid on" to remote villages, a great many country people believe implicitly in the diviner's twig—for country superstitions remain evergreen. Even to-day in almost every village one finds quiet, unassuming men who "witch" for water locally, and are known as "dowsers."

In early times and through the superstitious Middle Ages divining was put to almost every conceivable use, but slowly, like so many craftsmen, the diviner began to fine down his activities and to specialize. One of the most amazing uses for the divining rod was for the detection of criminals, and there are many records of murderers being run to earth in this way. Little more than 260 years ago an authentic case of this kind made headline news. The author, Baring-Gould, quotes the event in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. A vintner and his wife were found murdered and robbed in their cellar at Lyons. After the police had failed to find the murderer, a neighbour called in the services of a man named Jacques Aymar, a peasant who lived in the nearby village of Dauphné, and renowned for his skill with the divining rod. On being taken to the cellar by the Lieutenant-Criminel and the Procureur du Roi, Aymar at once seized a piece of wood and went to work. The rod first took him to the very spot where the murder had been committed. And from there on, guided by his rod, Aymar pursued the track of the assassins, first to the court of the Archbishop's palace and then out of the town over the Rhone bridge and along the right bank of the river. The (Continued on page 68)





*"Wonderful, I'll read it.
'The film owes much
to William Harcourt's
whip-cracking dialogue'"*



This Is Where I Came In

A Short Story

by Michael Carreck

AS I drove home to-night there were long queues outside the cinemas. Splashed across the posters in that new brilliant red was the name of the star they were waiting to see, Patsy Rossiter. You've seen her, of course; people all over the world know Patsy Rossiter. In Rome, Egypt, Paris and Peru they stand in the rain to see her; girls in a hundred countries copy the style of her hair, that sudden way she turns her head, her slow, happy smile.

Patsy Rossiter.

I met her at a party in a Knightsbridge studio, the theatre club crowd, sitting around on the floor, all "darlings," and the outer wrappings of show business—"how is dear Larry?" and "what did Viv say?" when the nearest they'd ever been to hob-nob terms with celebrities was an "Excuse me" at Roehampton

Garden Party. At this particular clam-bake I was the tit-bit the hostess offered—"Bill Harcourt has promised to come. Yes, *the* Bill Harcourt." This was just after I'd written *Last Mile Home*—"Every man's experience—finding an echo in the heart of every woman!"

It hadn't been a bad movie the way I wrote it, a straightforward story about soldiers coming back. But by the time it was screened, schizophrenia was worked into it, the way it was in every movie four years ago, and somehow or other there had been an infiltration of about forty minutes of culture-for-the-masses music. Still, I was being paid seventy-five pounds a week not to mind, and here I was, the lion of the party.

"Patsy, here he is, *the* man. Bill, this is Patsy, she's trying to break into films."

"Has she brought her bulldozer?" I

said as I turned around. And then I saw Patsy. She was wiping her eyes with the back of her hand and looking up at me with that urchin grin of hers.

"Smoke," she said. "Can't see a damn thing." I couldn't see a damn thing either, except Patsy Rossiter, her hair black as beetle's wings and her dark, lovely eyes. I started to say something, I forget what, and then some fool of a woman got between us and started chattering and I lost sight of Patsy. I kept looking round and catching tantalizing glimpses of her behind an osprey feather, above a vase of yellow roses, in a gold-framed looking-glass. And then she was gone: I didn't see her leave, I just felt she wasn't there any more and I was angry with myself for letting her go.

As soon as I decently could, I left the party. I crossed (Continued on page 55)



Harvest Time

by Norman Wymer

A CHANGE has come over the fields these last few weeks. The shimmering corn, now ripened to gold, has been cut and the last of the stooks are being gathered in and taken to the barns to be threshed. The orchards are being stripped of their early apples, and the onions and marrows in the kitchen gardens stored for the winter.

It is Harvest Time and upon one or other of the five Sundays that help to make up this September of 1951 nearly every church in town, village and hamlet alike will smell of the fruits of the good earth as farmer, smallholder and private gardener make their thank-offering in the traditional ceremony of Harvest Festival. At this one season of the year the most urban will have a tang of the rural. Yet Harvest Festival is not merely a rather charming ceremony. It (Continued on page 66)



"POSSIBLY I would agree with you, Tom," I was stung to retort, "if you had given me the binoculars a little sooner. She's gone now"

LILITH

She was strikingly beautiful but there was "something quite out of the ordinary about her"

By M. Boyd

A FEW nights ago I was dining at the Lucullus, in Dover Street, with Benfold who had recently returned from a business trip to America. He seemed pretty pleased with the way things had gone over there, and I gathered that the export drive would benefit considerably as the result of his efforts.

Coffee and liqueurs were on the table. As we lit our cigars Benfold sat back with a sigh of well-being and looked round the room.

I like the Lucullus. The lighting is discreet, the service quick and efficient, the orchestra small and, from where we were sitting, only faintly audible. Also—and this appeals most of all to my elderly taste—the food is good.

The room was pretty crowded that night. Many of the diners were young people; girls in gay evening frocks, their escorts resplendent in tails and white ties. A young couple passed us on their way out. The girl was slim and fair haired

and her blue eyes danced provocatively as she threw a laughing remark over her shoulder to the young man who followed her.

"Pretty girl, that," said Benfold when the couple had passed our table.

"Yes," I answered, "but they're all pretty nowadays—by art if not by nature."

Benfold laughed. "Well, what's the matter with that?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied, "unless you happen to like variety, as I do. To-day girls are dark or fair, tall or short, otherwise I can't see much difference between them. When you and I were young, girls were pretty, plain, handsome, beautiful, sometimes even striking. How often do you see a striking looking woman nowadays? Practically speaking, never."

"Ah, there I agree with you," said Benfold, leaning forward and gently touching the ash of his cigar against the side of the ash-tray. Then, as he sat back, he said musingly: "What con-

stitutes a striking appearance in a woman? Is it grace, or elegance, or a flair for wearing the right clothes and for wearing them superlatively well? Is it a look of race or a noble carriage? Probably a mixture of all these qualities. Beauty of feature has nothing to do with it, really. The most striking looking woman I ever saw, or am ever likely to see, was not beautiful, classically speaking, and she. . . ."

Benfold paused. I glanced up, sensing a story behind the hesitation. He was leaning back in his chair and his eyes had the distant look of one whose thoughts are far away. I watched him curiously. Plainly the past had absorbed him utterly and he was quite unaware of his present surroundings and of my scrutiny. Then the focus came back to his eyes. He stirred and looked at me with a smile of apology and, as though his brief journey into the past had corroborated his previous remark, he said: "No, she had no real beauty of feature—except for her eyes."

"You're rousing my curiosity," I said. "If it's not a private matter what about letting me hear it?"

Benfold shook his head. "It's not a private matter at all," he said. "In fact it really has very little to do with me, except indirectly. But it will

take some time to tell and I don't want to bore you."

"You forget I'm a writer," I retorted. "Come on, let's have it."

"On your head be it, then," Benfold replied with a laugh. "It's quite a story—and it only ended a few weeks ago."

We sipped our liqueurs, for a moment, in silence and I saw that look of abstraction return to his eyes. Presently he stirred, placed his glass carefully on the table and leaned back in his chair.

"I was staying with Tom Garside and his wife at their villa in Monte Carlo," he began. "I was only there for a few days, breaking my journey back to England after a business trip to Rome. It was in May, 1937. I remember what a paradise Monte seemed to me then; a sort of oasis of rest and refreshment between the strenuous work of my ten days in Rome and the even more strenuous time I might expect when I got back to London. The weather was glorious and I was content, that first morning, to sit in the garden of the villa absorbing the sunshine and admiring the yachts anchored in the bay. I must have dozed off for a few minutes, for when I again looked across the bay another yacht, that had not been in sight before, was nosing her way towards the harbour. She was a real beauty, built for speed, with clean, graceful lines and the sun was striking sparks from her glittering brass. I'm a landlubber, but even I could see what a beautiful craft she was. She dropped anchor as I watched her, and as she swung round a little I could see the Stars and Stripes fluttering at her stern."

"Presently Garside came out of the villa carrying a pair of binoculars and crossed the lawn to my side.

"'There's a new yacht just come in,' he observed rather unnecessarily. 'By jove! She's a beauty . . . American.'"

"He raised the binoculars to his eyes and trained them on the newcomer. 'That must be the owner,' he said presently. 'He seems to be a cripple. . . . Bit of an artist, too, apparently. He's got an easel rigged up on the deck.' There was a long pause. Then: 'My word! What a striking looking woman. Her hair's snow white but she's got the figure of a young girl!'"

Benfold paused to offer me a fresh cigar. He selected one himself and, as he lit it, he said between puffs: "You know what an itch . . . to snatch . . . the binoculars and look . . . for one's self. . . . that sort of explosive running commentary can give one." He tossed the spent match into the ash-tray and continued:

"After gazing through those damned binoculars for longer, it seemed to me, than was strictly necessary, he handed them to me. I put them to my eyes and adjusted the eye-pieces. The yacht came into focus just in time for me to catch a lightning glimpse of a tall, graceful figure in white disappearing through a hatch-way."

"Something worth seeing, isn't she?" said Garside with a grin.

"Possibly I would agree with you, Tom," I was stung to retort, "if you had given me the binoculars a little sooner. She's gone now."

"This seemed to strike Garside as being immensely funny and he guffawed loudly. 'Hard luck, old boy. Hard luck,' he said and returned to the villa, chortling to himself as he went."

"At luncheon Tom held forth to Freda, his wife, about the interesting looking yacht and its even more interesting owners. Then the talk turned on plans for that afternoon and evening. We were



Drawings by
Thornton Jones

to drive over to Cannes to have tea with some friends of the Garsides, who were staying at a hotel there, and would be back in time for dinner.

"'Would you like to go to the Casino to-night?' asked Freda, turning to me. 'Or there's a very good concert on. . . .'"

"'We'll go to the Casino, I think,' Garside interrupted and winked unblushingly at me."

"'How do you know the lady of the yacht will be there?' asked Freda drily."

"Garside gave a short, explosive laugh. 'Ha! What's the first thing one does on arriving at Monte?' he asked."

"So to the Casino that evening we went. Tom and Freda, both inveterate though modest gamblers, at once found seats at the roulette table. It was many years since I had played, and saying that I would prefer to watch the play for a bit I strolled round the table, pausing now and then behind one or other of the players."

"'Rien ne va plus,' intoned the croupier."

"I watched the expressions of the players as the little ball clicked and danced round the swiftly revolving wheel. The look of strain deepened on more than one face as the ball came to rest."

"'Numero vingt-neuf, rouge, impair, passe.'"

"I heard the woman behind whose chair I was standing murmur: '*Mon Dieu,*' and she rose hurriedly from the table. I pulled back her chair to allow her to pass and stood for a moment, my hand in my pocket, rattling the chips I had exchanged on my arrival. I had just decided to try my luck when I happened to glance towards the door. . . . And then I saw her."

Benfold paused, that far-away look again veiling his eyes. After a moment or two he said: "I don't suppose that my limited powers of description can give you any idea of her appearance, but I'll do my best to make you see her as I saw her then. To say that she was striking is a gross understatement, and yet there isn't another word that I can think of that describes her more accurately. She came through that door like a queen—unhurried, poised, completely un-self-con-

scious. Seen through the smoky atmosphere of the room she looked . . . well . . . unearthly. It was as if a tall, graceful lily had strayed in to the harsh, sordid glare of a third rate fun-fair. Her dress was a white satin sheath, severely but exquisitely cut. She wore no ornament of any kind and her hair, brushed into a close-fitting cap was snow white.

She came straight across the room towards where I stood and as she drew near I saw that she was quite young, twenty-four or twenty-five at most. Her skin, flawless and faintly tanned, had the warm suggestion of honey and beneath a smooth, wide forehead her eyes were two enormous brown pools fringed with short, curling, dark lashes. There was something odd—no, not odd, exactly—something quite out of the ordinary about her. I couldn't make it out. It was as if at the back of my mind I recognized something but couldn't, for the life of me, remember what it was. Where, if at all, had I

seen that heart-shaped face, those high cheek-bones, the slumberous sadness of those huge eyes before? I'm afraid I just stood and stared till suddenly I became aware that she was making for the chair I had been about to occupy. As she reached me I pulled the chair out for her, and with a faint smile and a murmured 'thank you' she sat down.

"'Numero cinq, rouge, impair, manque,' sang the croupier.

"The woman took a handful of chips out of her handbag and placed them on the table beside her. As she did so, something fell on to the floor. I stooped quickly and picked up a carved ivory figure about two inches high, the workmanship was primitive, the hands and feet large in

(Continued on page 58)



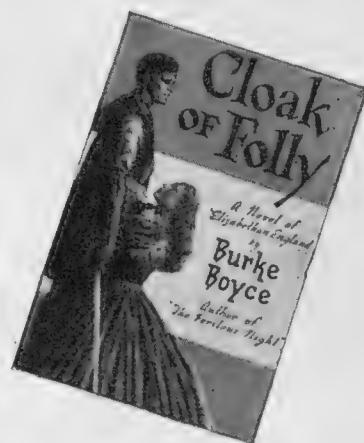
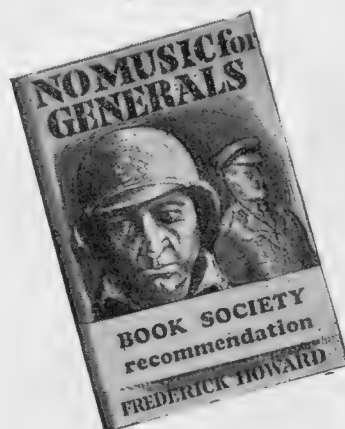
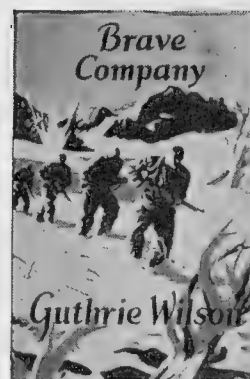
"I stooped quickly and picked up a carved ivory figure about two inches high"

CHERISHED POSSESSIONS

NOT always do British publishers get the credit they deserve for fine-art productions technically unsurpassed anywhere. The Hon. Donough O'Brien's "Miniatures in the XVIIIth and XIXth Centuries" (Batsford, £3 3s.) embodies his wide knowledge and experience as a collector and much new research, with biographical data and an alphabetical index of some 200 artists whose work is represented in the 385 miniatures reproduced on 136 half-tone plates. The first important work on the subject for several decades, it covers paintings on porcelain, card, parchment, papier-mâché, enamel, metal, ivory and plaster of Paris, "eye" miniatures and snuff-boxes, and advises on care and preservation.

Mrs. Margaret Flower's "Victorian Jewellery" (Cassell, 42s.) explains how to identify early, late or mid-Victorian pieces, what types were chiefly in favour during the reign, and how they reflected fashion, with a chapter on collecting by Doris Langley Moore. More than 200 photographs and ten colour plates demonstrate the Victorian passion for gems, fostered by the Queen herself.

Both are elegant quartos, masterworks of printer and binder, a joy to have and cherish, and the experts' last word on their subjects.



Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

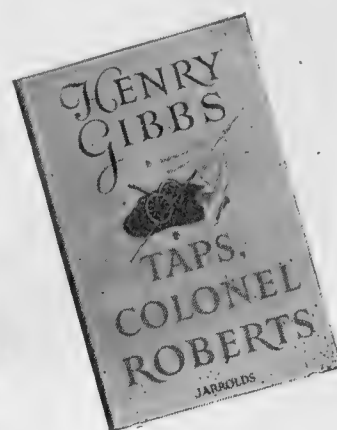
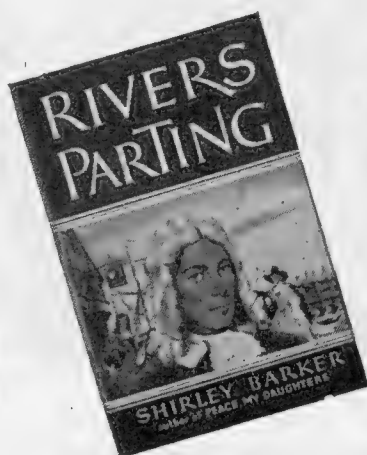
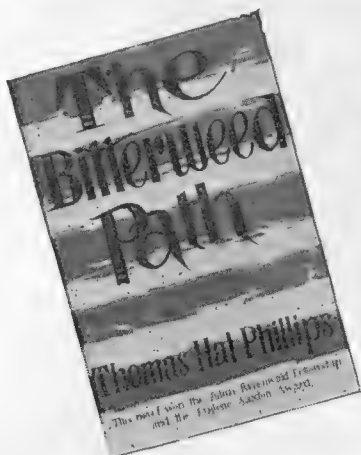
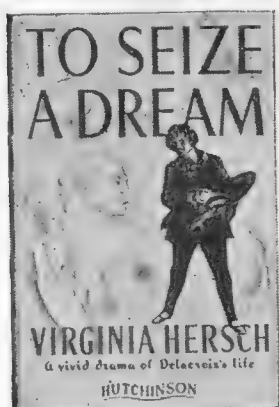
WHATEVER Sir Charles Cochran thought of the notices of his big shows, he must have valued a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, one about himself when he was a struggling young actor in the States playing a detective. It read: "He certainly must have learnt the art of acting in a stable with hungry horses. He did nothing but attempt to chew the paint from the scenery. A more ridiculous chump has never been seen on the local stage." Once he got frisky on hooch and the magistrate wanted to fine him \$1,000, but all he had was \$7.25, he said, which the police had taken from him. After it

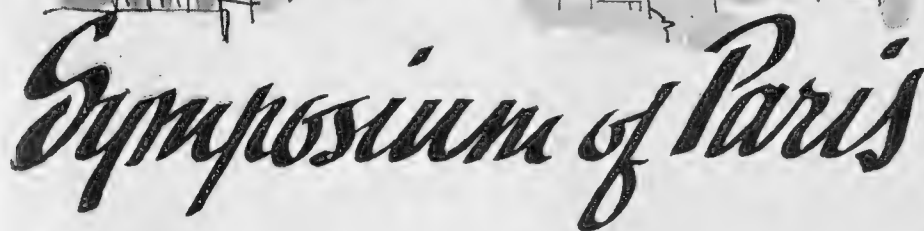
was settled at \$25—paid by the touring company's manager—Cocky asked: did he get back his 7 dollars 25 cents? "Certainly not," said the magistrate, glaring. "Don't you think that the Court wants a drink, too?" Charles Graves's "The Cochran Story" (W. H. Allen, 17s. 6d.) is specially good on the early years and gives a vivid account of the wrestling, boxing and West End triumphs and failures, with anecdotes and photographs of all his stars.

W. MACQUEEN-POPE echoes the W. Cochran world and the Victorian-Edwardian heydays that preceded it in "Ghosts and Greasepaint" (Hale, 21s.). Some of us, tempted to glorify the "good old days" in contrast with the new, pull ourselves up with a "Steady, now. Nothing so dates a man or stamps him a has been." Not so this nostalgic chronicler. He sits down and writes a first-class book about them, evoking shows, players, restaurants, the Theatreland that was and everything pre-neon it stood for—not just with J. B. Booth's bohemian humour, but with a sentimental fervour and vast knowledge older readers will applaud and younger possibly envy. The photographs are a cavalcade of stars who made stage history.

ANOTHER looker-back is Cecil Beaton, who must have been a pest of a boy, always pushing his sisters around and photographing them draped in sheets. "Photobiography" (Odhams, 18s.) is a fine quarto telling of his camera career and famous and Royal sitters. Mrs. Pat Campbell "mooed," bellowed, threw her hands to the skies, emitted peals of cavernous laughter, and said: "I look like an old paper bag which has burst. Oh, why can't I be a beauty?" A mass of his best photographs supplement a warmly gossiping story.

DURING a year spent at the Hudson's Bay Post at Cape Dorset, Lord Tweedsmuir kept a diary—by winter lamp-light, summer's never-ending daylight, in snow houses on the trail, lying in his sleeping-bag, and in a tiny cabin of a trading schooner. "Hudson's Bay Trader" (Clerke and Cockeran, 15s.) records the day-to-day life among traders, trappers, Eskimos, on shooting and walrus hunting expeditions. Bracing Far North adventure with plus-eighty photographs, mostly his own. (Continued on page 56)





Symposium of Paris

WHILE Britain has been celebrating its Festival, Paris this summer has had its own excuse for junketing in the 2,000th Anniversary. One of the most spectacular events of the season was the presentation of a fourteenth-century Mystery Passion Play. It was produced in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame with the lovely floodlit edifice of the church as a back-cloth.

Night processions have made the gayest of cities even more gay and on occasion tourists sipping their drinks on the terrace of the Café de la Paix were astonished to see a procession of ancient vehicles in grand procession down the avenue de l'Opéra. The "Gay Nineties" which was portrayed on the Grande Boulevards brought out some fabulous costumes and for a whole week horse-drawn buses plied between the Madeleine and the Bastille.

THE story goes in Paris that Hollywood is about to make a film around the French *haute couture*. The story will tell the adventures of a young man in France to buy for an American store. The script writer, Ketty Fring, is in Paris with the object, it is said, of prevailing upon Christian Dior and Jacques Fath to appear in the film. Paris is intrigued to hear if the great men will play.

Accessories are playing a bigger and better part in the 1951 Parisian wardrobe. Blouses are very much in vogue and very lovely. A new fabric, quadruple silk voile, is being specially woven in Lyons for designer William Beresford, whose models have more than a flavour of the "Gay Nineties." The star piece of Beresford's collection is made in cream quadruple voile with a circular lace cape of priceless Point d'Angleterre gathered into a high collar. It looks as if these lacy confections may be big news this winter, though modified, no doubt, for the average wearer.

Flowers are still very much favoured for accessory wear. Line Valutrin shows tiaras of flowers sometimes mixed with small fruit in matching shades. Yellow

and white daisies combine with tiny lemons or nasturtiums with oranges. The tiaras are bound to the head with a black velvet ribbon bow at the back.

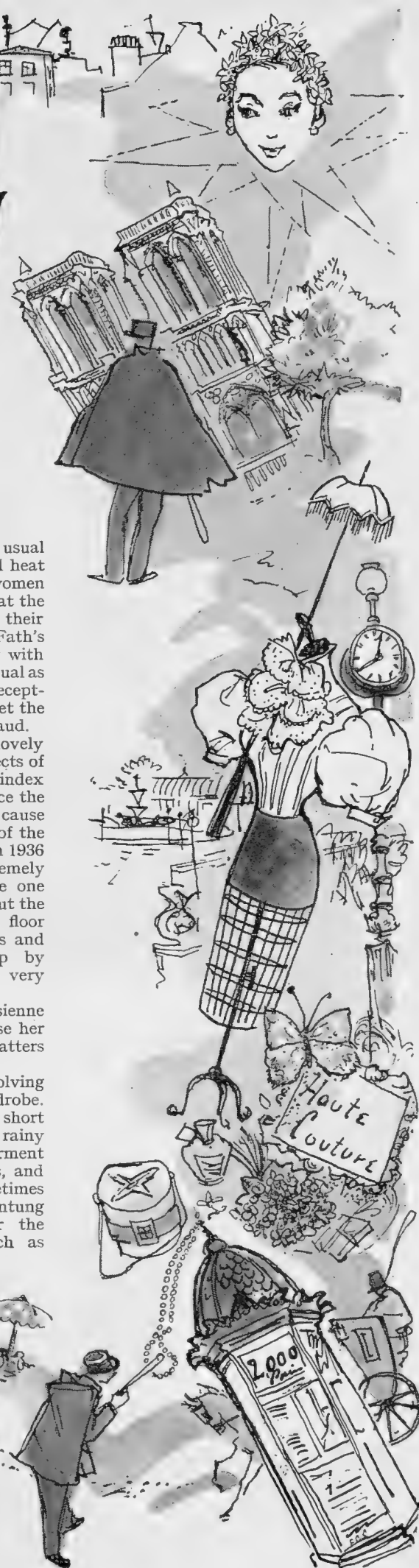
The chignon war still rages. Leading hairdressers have turned their backs upon the "bun" but almost every mannequin at the great couture collections wears one.

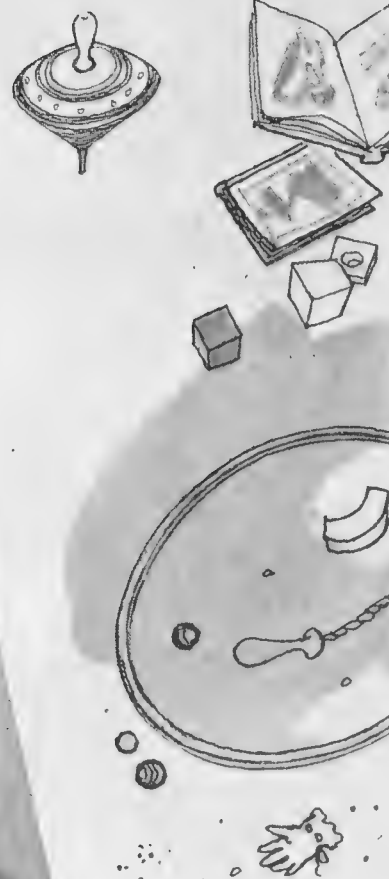
The last fortnight of July saw the usual excitement with the opening of the big collections. There were the usual presentation parties with the usual heat and the usual crowds of elegant women straining to get the first news of what the great designers are doing as though their lives depended on it. Jacques Fath's collection was extravagantly lovely with the bell skirt as the big news. Individual as ever, Dior's clothes were demure, deceptively simple, but lovely enough to get the audience standing on chairs to applaud.

Meanwhile amid the display of lovely and tempting things the harder aspects of life are very real. The cost of living index shows a rise of twenty per cent since the beginning of the year and a further cause for concern comes with the lifting of the embargo on rents which were fixed in 1936 and which were consequently extremely low. Parisian rents have been the one bright spot in the economic gloom but the new order fixes rents according to floor space and inhabitants of large flats and houses, hitherto extremely cheap by English standards, are facing a very heavy increase.

On the question of clothes the Parisienne is more fortunate than most because her inherent resourcefulness in these matters can find full scope.

Transformation clothes are solving many problems of the restricted wardrobe. For example, the "Chameleon" short coat has been a godsend in this rainy summer season. This reversible garment is light on one side for sunny days, and dark on the other for dull ones. Sometimes the coat is made of natural shantung reversing to black faille, or for the autumn in warmer materials such as alpaca reversing to jersey.





By
Lorna
Lewis

Children In Waiting

IT must have come as a shock to many people when the sixth report of the Home Office Children's Department revealed that five years after the Curtis Committee Report exposing the scandal of the nation's homeless children, there are still in this country as many as eighty-eight thousand children still in public care.

The fact that this number of youngsters is still deprived of family life is the more surprising since the numbers of adults anxious to adopt a child are still considerable and one hears on every side the story of frustration and delay from those who are only too willing to give some under-privileged mite a home.

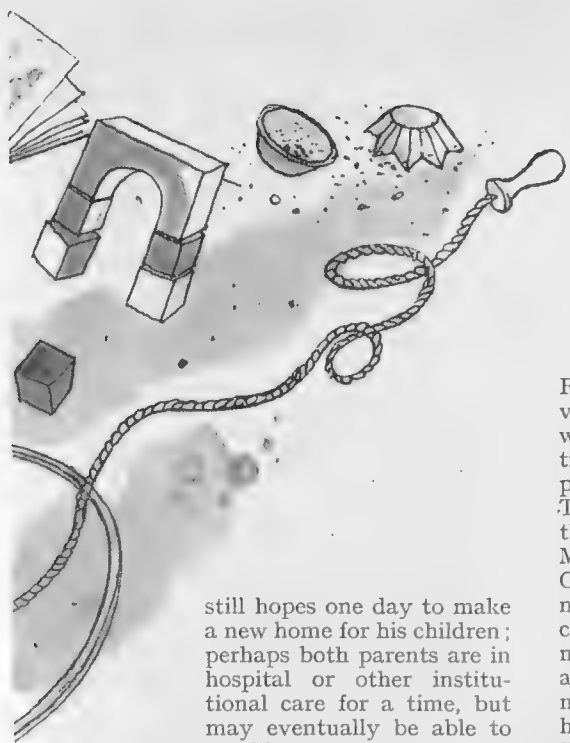
Why is it so difficult to adopt a child with so many still in State care?

The problem has many ramifications and the question is not easy to answer briefly because many psychological, economic and legal factors are involved, and many of them are not obvious to the uninitiated.

To begin with, there is the question of the child's age. The principle underlying the comprehensive Adoption Act of 1950 (consolidating previous Acts of the past

twenty-five years) is that "the Adoption Order if made (by the Courts) will be for the *welfare of the infant.*" Welfare workers, adoption societies, doctors and others agree that the best age for adoption is for the "infant" (a person under twenty-one years old) or toddler at most; and the number of such infants is limited. A well-known adoption society which last year accepted and placed 227 children under the age of two years had in the same period nearly 2,200 inquiries from would-be adopters.

There is some confusion of thought in the public's mind between adoption proper—the complete taking over by law of a child by a private person or persons through a judicial order—and foster parenthood, whereby a child is still primarily under the care of the State, to which foster parents are ultimately responsible and from whom they receive a monetary allowance. An enormous proportion of these 80,000 boys and girls are neither eligible or suitable for adoption. Some are medically or mentally unfit. Others are only *temporarily* in the care of State homes or foster parents: perhaps a mother has died and the father



An insight into the problems confronting those who are handling the great national problem of adoption and some of the factors contributing to the gap between children in need of a home and "parents" eager to provide them

still hopes one day to make a new home for his children; perhaps both parents are in hospital or other institutional care for a time, but may eventually be able to

resume responsibility for their children; again, it frequently happens that the parents withhold their legal consent to adoption and only in extreme circumstances will the Courts enforce separation of parents from children.

While older children often come to be legally adopted by foster parents, some older children, having reached institutional care, do better there, than by a further adjustment to yet another private home. These are only a few of the many reasons why children in State care cannot always be transferred even to the most eager of "parents."

Another factor (from the adopter's point of view) is that there are to-day so many more adopters than formerly. Perhaps the spotlight thrown on child refugees of the first World War, then on the victims of Hitler's oppression, and ultimately on war-time child evacuees and orphans has accustomed people to the idea of taking children of other parents into their homes. Without doubt, the Curtis Report of five years ago and the Children Act shocked many people, married and single alike, into realization of the need of a background for the unfortunate babies deprived of their just right.

PUBLIC opinion and legislation have combined to make the position easier for would-be adopting parents. The social stigma of illegitimacy has largely diminished and it is recognized that the illegitimate child should not be penalized. Under the latest Adoption Act an adopted child, legitimate or illegitimate, has now for the most part acquired the same citizen's right and duties in regard to his adopters "as if he were their own child born to them in wedlock." True, he cannot yet succeed to a title or property or entailed money, but he can, for instance, receive pension allowance if his adopted father dies, or a family allowance, and other financial "rights."

Remembering that "Adoption Orders will be for the welfare of the infant," the check-up on intending adopters demanded by local authorities and adoption societies is such that there can be no shadow of doubt that the right home has been chosen for the right child.

References must be given, personal interviews held, inquiries made into motives as well as circumstances, all of which takes time and leads to delay. A baby is not a parcel to be handed over the counter. The law endeavours to safeguard it before the Courts (High Court, County Court or Magistrates' Court) can make an Adoption Order. For instance, full consent of the mother or guardian is essential except in certain specified instances; an infant must be at least six weeks old on the date at which consent is given (allowing a mother reasonable time to reconsider any hasty decisions); adopters must notify the welfare authority of their intention to apply for an Adoption Order as soon as the baby comes into its new home, and no Order is made without at least three months' probationary period having elapsed.

ADoption is best approached through local authorities or registered adoption societies, rather than by private agreement. Reports of voluntarily supported adoption societies, pioneered many years back by the National Children Adoption Association, are worth studying because they reveal the meticulous care with which the serious business of adoption is

approached and with what understanding, tact and infinite patience many happy homes have been built.

Latest reports show that girls are still more popular than boys. Another reason for delay if the adopters are set upon taking a girl baby. Twins, rather surprisingly, are in good demand, but it is reassuring to learn that while some would-be adopters view the matter merely as a solution of their own problems, it is proven that the majority are prompted by the purest motives of love and service. Nevertheless this fact must be established in each case, and it is not easy.

Local authorities or registered societies such as the National Children's Adoption Association, Doctor Barnardo's Homes, The Church of England Children's Society (late Waifs and Strays) or the National Adoption Society are all working with commendable zeal to reduce this sad problem of the homeless child, but they have a formidable task. The ruling factor is the welfare of the infant. The issues are too serious for the smallest chance to be taken when the screening of the prospective home is afoot. Enthusiastic adopters may be baffled by the delays, but all who have a sincere feeling for the preciousness of a young life must approve a policy which takes no risks.



Susan E. King



SO you have a baby and she's wonderful. The way she sleeps the night through... her lashes... how adorable she is in the bath... how intelligently she holds her own bottle... Oh, it all pulls at the heart and you feel if you can't talk about these things to someone, to everyone, you'll give way at the seams.

All the same, the clever mother figures that a little seam bursting can be mended, but the reputation of being a bore about her baby sticks.

No woman can recount in mere words the daily raptures, the miraculous revelations of motherhood. Numbers try though and the unfortunates at the receiving end having used up all the murmurous noises fitting to the occasion such as "bless her," "the angel," "how adorable," run flat out of comment. There's no more to say. More especially since, so help us, we have probably got to hear it all again to-morrow.

It isn't impossible to find one never-tiring confidante upon whom to vent all this damned-up emotion that mothers have. Grandmothers or baby-worshipping aunts are often willing victims. Save it for them. But telling indiscriminately is like running around saying sunsets are lovely and flowers smell sweet.

The world is full of baby lovers, but we like to do our loving first hand. Any one of us, looking down at a baby in her spanking maroon-and-white pram, watching her dimply hands tracing arabesques beneath her chin, will receive the sudden impact of a baby smile. That's enough. She doesn't need her mother as a publicity agent. She can handle her own and without being a bore.



BY one of those well-known undivine laws of nature, the shops are invariably stocked with desirable-for-you clothes just when you haven't the time or the money for buying. When you have where, oh where are they? Obviously on the backs of all the women for whom they weren't at all desirable.

An astonishing number of us suffer from the Sales Assistant Neurosis, the "Can't Get Out Of The Shop" complaint.

It can happen to anybody, especially at nearly-closing time after a fruitless day when resistance, not to say good taste, is worn a little thin and the saleswoman is practising hypnosis for all she's worth.

Normally, one doesn't give utterance to the finalizing "I'll take this" until that moment when the dress or suit practically says "I'm yours." Normally, and obviously, the saleswoman, even if she is not the bludgeonary, break-down-the-customer type, wants to make a sale. So the struggle begins.

Some of us who can handle the big things with assurance are at a loss about the little situations of life where a confident approach makes the difference between a woman to be envied and just a person who gets by. Anna Richardson takes a few examples



But why a struggle? Why the battle basis? A little polite firmness is all that's wanted. On the other hand, if we know ourselves to be helpless victims of the sales technique there is always my own pardonably deceitful method to fall back upon.

Let us say it is an odd jacket you are looking for. You are ushered to the rail and your eye traverses the merchandise like lightning to see which colour isn't there. Purple isn't there. So, firmly, you say. "I've set my heart on purple." Dashed immediately, the saleswoman says "sorry, no purple." Then, with a hesitant air that suggests you just might be persuaded to take another colour, you begin the search for what you really want—green. You try on the jackets in this colour. You don't like them, so with the perfect self assurance which is bestowed by the knowledge of being on top you say, "I'm so sorry. It must be purple, I'm afraid. Deep purple."

It's as easy as that and you walk out of

the shop with an agreeable sense of having won, just for once, and emerge from the encounter with your self respect and your money intact.

If, on the other hand, the coats you tried on were suitable, then you can make your purchase and everybody is happy. You have what you want and the saleswoman is convinced she has talked you into it.



ONE can well understand why some women go to frantic telephonic lengths in order to avoid eating out alone. To them, entering a restaurant unescorted is sheer embarrassment. Waiter-intimidation only adds to the discomfort. Pressure is exerted at full strength, especially in a busy restaurant, where solo eaters are unpopular because they take up a table for two anyway.

Ushered to a small table with a folded menu card stuffed under the uneven leg; overhung by a noisy band; behind a spiritless palm, the lone diner is made to feel unwanted, unnecessary and, as time passes with no service, unfed.

Here's the choice. You can emulate the palm and lunch miserably, or, courageously demand a better table. This will earn for you the unwilling, if antagonistic, respect of the waiter. At a better table, your morale partially restored, you can carry the battle a stage further by asking the waiter's advice about the food. No need to take it, better not, in fact, but ask. By this time you will be feeling better.

Gradually, even with nothing to read between courses, you'll find that eating out alone is, at once, restful and stimulating. Just reflect on it. No need for sacrifice when the waiter says, "sorry, only one braised ham," with you and your companion falsely asserting that you don't mind in the least and you'd just as soon have the cod.

Furthermore, one can relax and savour the food. I maintain that conversation renders it quite impossible to savour food. This is a good thing most of the time, no doubt, but one never knows when food may prove worth savouring. In any case, observing one's fellow diners is enormous fun when you have mastered your distaste for being yourself observed.

You will be looked at, of course, so make the most of it, and don't fidget. Women dining alone invariably do, moving the cutlery around, fussing with their handbags and fooling nobody with the scribbles they make in their little book.

But how satisfying, if in observing you your fellow diners get the impression that for some mysterious purpose of your own you have rejected company and really wish to be dining alone.



SEATING

CAPACITY

NO special skill is needed to re-cover a chair-seat. Once knowing how to tackle the job only time and care are needed. Such repairs cannot be rushed.

The women's "botch jobs" which we hear so much about are not always accounted for by incompetence with tools, but to the fact that with many household tasks on her hands the busy woman tries to fit in the odd repair job when there is a small breathing space. It just won't do. Concentration and care are the only guarantee of a smooth job.

So, if there are some frayed chair-seats about the house and the chairs are the type with sunk-in seats, try out your seating capacity like this:

First, take out the seat. To do this, turn the chair bottom up and remove the corner screws as shown in the picture on the right. When doing more than one chair at a time, number the seats and chairs with chalk to be sure of matching the pairs of seats and frames again.

Lift off the old upholstery by raising the tacks on the underside. The fabric may be rotten around the tacks, but try to keep it intact, as it will be easier to cut the pattern for the new cover.

When the fabric is off examine the under-padding. Spread a layer of thick felt over the top if it is wearing thin.

Press the old cover flat with an iron, then lay it on a sheet of brown paper and trace round the edges with chalk. You now have a pattern. Cut the new cover from it.

Working on a thick pad and not on a hard surface, lay the cover face down on the pad. Now lay the seat over the cover. Put tacks in the centre of the two straight sides to prevent the fabric from slipping, then begin to tack all round. Tack the corners first, pleating the material neatly underneath and tacking it firmly, drawing the fabric very firmly across the front of the seat. Securely tacked corners will prevent puckering.

Replace the seat in the frame. Insert the screws again and the chair is finished.





FURNISHING AT THE MINIMUM

Since we emerged from the wartime phase when owning Utility furniture meant sharing an identical design with one's friends, it has been gratifying to see how successfully makers have widened the scope of their designs within the limitations of the official price category. Though contemporary design has stabilised itself to a great extent, detail within the wider conception of form shows an infinite variety which imparts interest and considerable individuality to the less costly pieces.

This selection taken at random from the 1951 Utility range shows proof that attractive and well-made furniture can be found at the minimum.





(1.) Dining table in Bubinga or oak, either natural or polished. Finewood Products, approximately £12 10s.

(2.) A beech-frame reading chair with sprung seat and back and loose Latex foam cushion. Heals, £16.

(3.) Three-piece with tension-sprung seats and Latex rubber-stuffed arms. Easy chairs, £18 18s. 6d. Two-seat settee, £27 1s. At Heal's.

(4.) A sideboard in Bubinga or oak has two drawers and an inside shelf. Finewood Products. About £21 6s. 9d.

(5.) Small bookcase with two sliding glass doors with ground finger grips. Adjustable shelves. About £14.

(6.) Gordon Russel's sideboard in natural mahogany with panel motifs in Bombay rosewood. The piece is 4 ft. long and 2 ft. 10 ins. high. £19 from Liberty's.

(7.) Natural African mahogany has handles of Bombay rosewood and fluted doors. Gordon Russel. £19.

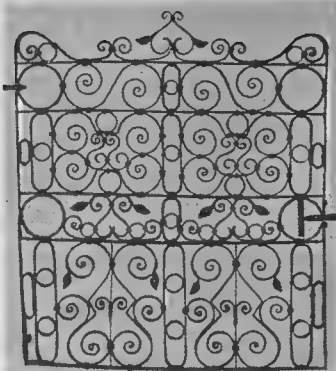
(8.) Wing chair with beech or birch frame upholstered in woollen. Approximately £23 10s. 6d. H. K. Furniture.

(9.) Dining suite in Mansonia and beech. The table has beech fillets running across the top from end to end. 4-ft. sideboard, £20; small chairs, £5 12s. 9d. each; table, £13 15s. 6d.





England's Rural Crafts



THE growth of mass-production has banished many beautiful things in the past hundred years and though attractive furniture and furnishing accessories are made in factories, nothing quite replaces the work of the hand-craftsman, who leaves the insignia of his personal imagination and skill upon his work. Is this not the attraction of antiques?

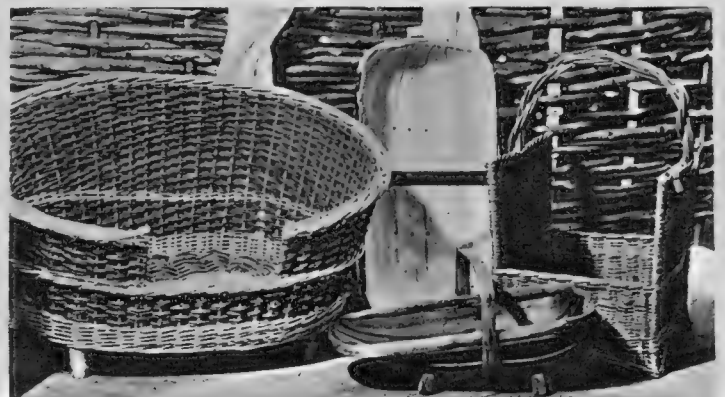
It is often said that the craftsman is dead, but Festival exhibitions throughout Britain have thrown many into prominence, and having discovered them it seems sad if they should be permitted to return to their obscurity.

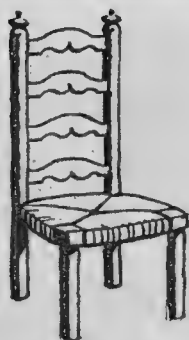
Up and down the country small businesses, blacksmiths, furniture-makers, basket-makers and hand-loom weavers; a few silversmiths and even a violin-maker, personally known to me, are

producing fine specimens of their trades.

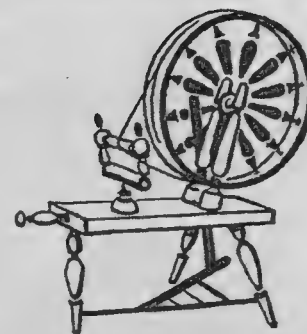
At a recent exhibition in Chichester, "Made in Sussex," the display of work from the artist-craftsmen of the county was illuminating in the sense of refuting the claim that skilled hand-craftsmanship is dead. The greater part of the exhibition showed contemporary work, the work of men and women of Sussex who earn their living by the skill of their hands. None other could qualify for this exhibition.

Sussex County is particularly rich in the number of artist-craftsmen it contains, but other counties have their share, some crafts being almost universal, others being local specialities. Most of the products of these village crafts have their uses, either functional or decorative, in the home. Wrought-iron gates, electric lamps; all grades of pottery for ornament





Few townspeople realise to what extent in out-of-the-way villages men and women are keeping alive the hand-crafts in which the English excelled before the advent of the machine. James Nowell talks about England's rural crafts and the organisations devoted to their survival.



or use; baskets, chairs, furniture and hand-woven fabrics.

THE cost of work made by hand is not always higher than that of the factory product. Provided the craftsman's annual turnover is below a specific commercial level (£500 a year), his work is exempt of purchase tax. For all that, the work of the hand-craftsman is slow of growth, and production on a small scale is apt to be costly.

The mahogany coffee-table illustrated, inlaid with boxwood and signed by one of the county's foremost craftsmen, costs 15 guineas, which is reasonable by any standards. The Rye pottery and other pieces shown in the picture range in price from a few shillings to 3 guineas for the tall vase on the left of the group. The tweed fabric shown with the pottery was woven by Ethel Mairet, of Ditchling, a woman renowned for her work. The cost of this is 4 guineas for a 3-yard piece, 30 ins. wide (including purchase tax). A wrought-iron garden gate may be bought for £10-£20, according to its size and design.

Many lovers of good hand-work would support these county craftsmen if their products were easily available. Nevertheless, good work has been done in the past few years to encourage and stimulate rural crafts, particularly by the Rural Industries Bureau. This is an organising body with county representatives whose function is to advise and help the struggling rural craftsman in every way. The Rural Community Councils and the central Rural Industries Bureau are in close touch with these small people, and do a great deal to make their work possible. Besides helping them to find raw materials, encourage them to improve their designs, their visiting experts advise as to the best use of time, and assist in finding markets for craftsman's work. Unfortunately, there is not yet any organised marketing scheme to enable, say, Sussex products to be bought in Lancashire or Somerset. It is to be hoped it will come.

Sentiment must not be allowed to run away with us over hand-made goods. Hand-work is not a justification in itself, and only merits its price and the search to find it when it is superior to the factory product. Only the best of craftsmen reach this standard, and because they are not so numerous to-day it should surely be a pleasure to support them.

The craftsman's outlook is an engaging one in these materialistic times. A man who might well earn a high wage on factory piece-work, but who prefers to work for



himself in poor times for craftsmen, is surely a man to encourage. Here is the man who prefers discussing his work to talking of its price. Can we afford to lose such people?

It is this outlook that divides him from the skilful journeyman. At the outset he is trained like any other cabinet-maker, potter or smith. Then, as his skill unfolds, he feels the urge of all artists to be free. He has a passion for his craft, material reward is unimportant so long as he is free to practise it in his own way. Sometimes a craftsman finds a supplementary bread-and-butter job, like a publican I know in Derbyshire who is a superb metal-worker, and runs a smithy as a hobby. Trained in railway workshops, working iron, brass

and copper, this man has a wonderful eye for design. He will talk for hours, with his eyes alight, about his work—until you mention buying something. Then, as he confessed to me one day, "My interest sort of goes."

Don't think of the rural craftsman as always working with primitive tools. It is true that the so-called cottage crafts are frequently produced in the simplest of workshops, but the maker of hand-made furniture is lost without machine saws or planing machines to prepare his planks for the subsequent work of his hands. Few prosperous blacksmiths to-day are without electric welding plant or an electric fan for their fire. The machine enters the picture occasionally, but strictly disciplined by the man whose heart and brains are in his fingers.



Fine wrought-iron work is produced by village smiths around the countryside. The gate in the left-hand picture is the work of a Sussex smith. Cabinet-making still prospers in a limited way among the rural crafts. The coffee-table on the facing page, of inlaid boxwood, by Ernest Joyce, is shown with a hand-worked silver challenge cup from the same Sussex exhibition of local crafts. The group of Rye pottery includes some hand-woven tweed, and to the right of it are some trugs and baskets, for which Sussex makers are famous.



A jersey dress by Wolsey has a neck-to-hem inverted pleat edged with self-coloured zigzag stitching. In a range of colours £7 18s. 8d. Susan Small's supremely elegant black-and-white check wool trimmed with black velvet £8 14s. 5d., worn with Madge Chard's velvet pillbox.



Jaeger's button-to-the-neck suit with flap pockets in check or plain wool, £9 os. 5d. Topcoat £11 14s. 3d.

Talking of Values

BELIEVING that a tight budget and an elegant wardrobe are not an impossible combination to-day, we have selected this series of autumn clothes as a proof and a tonic.

The term Utility still carries opprobrium in some circles, though falsely, we think. Good clothes at any price level have to be sought, but in offering this selection we feel we have united something of the best of both worlds, with good styling and good materials at realistic prices.

Simplicity is the chief characteristic of these clothes, as real elegance requires. Current fashion features are incorporated, but in most cases muted to the requirements of a strictly practical wardrobe. Since hats and accessories give the ultimate cachet to simple clothes, we have selected them for our pictures with special care. The jersey dress on the left, above, in itself of the simplest conception, gives the example of elegance carefully constructed with the help of accessory features. A good hat, black patent belt and shoes, a velvet scarf, tied cravat fashion, a spindly umbrella and a fur tie lift an inexpensive dress to the level of high fashion.

If you would like to have further details about retail sources of supply for any of the garments or accessories shown, or have individual dress problems to submit for advice, write to the Women's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, please.



Atrima's lightweight wool (left) has hip pockets emphasising a narrow waist. About 8½ guineas. Scotts wide-brimmed felt. Gold and brown diagonal stripes make Carnegie's soft wool (centre) £5 16s. 8d. Hat by Madge Chard, necklet and bracelet from Selfridges. Spectator's grey Raglan topcoat, £11 15s. 8d.



Above : Woven black wool with a blue shadow check for Donnybrooks ample coat, comforting for travel on a late holiday, £13 6s. 9d. Revelation luggage. Atrima's soft grey wool (right centre), is draped at the front hipline simulating a two-piece. Would justify its cost in any wardrobe. About 16½ guineas. Windsmoor's classic in black or grey suiting. About £10.



A SWEATER OR A CARDIGAN

THE BACK OF THE SWEATER

With No. 11 needles, cast on * 2 sts. in 4-ply, 6 in Angora. Repeat from * until there are 98 sts.

1st row.—* P. 2 in 4-ply, put wool to back of work, K. 6 Angora, keep Angora at back of work, bring wool to front of work pulling it very loosely behind Angora sts., repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row.—K. 2 in 4-ply, * put wool to front of work, P. 6 Angora, keep Angora to front of work, bring wool across loosely in front of Angora sts. and take to back and K. 2 in 4-ply, repeat from *. Repeat these 2 rows for 2 ins.

Change to following pattern: Change to No. 9 needles.

1st row.—(K.) 2 in 4-ply (in future called PL), 6 in Angora (in future called A).

2nd row.—(P.) Use wools as on needle.

Repeat these 2 rows twice more.

7th row.—(K.) 1 A, * 2 PL, 6 A, repeat from * ending 1 PL.

8th row.—(P.) Use wools as on needle.

9th row.—K. twice into first st. in A, K. 1, * K. 2 PL, K. 6 A, repeat from * ending K. twice into last st. in A.

10th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.

11th row.—(K.) 4 A, * 2 PL, 6 A, repeat from * ending 6 A.

12th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.

13th row.—(K.) K. twice into first st. in A, 4 A, * 2 PL, 6 A, repeat from * ending K. twice into last st. in A.

14th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.

15th row.—(K.) 1 PL, * 6 A, 2 PL, repeat from * ending 5 A.

16th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.

17th row.—(K.) K. twice into first st. in PL, K. 1 in PL, * 6 A, 2 PL, repeat from * ending K. twice into last st. in A.

18th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.

19th row.—(K.) 2 A, * 2 PL, 6 A, repeat from * ending 4 A.

20th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle. (Continued on page 78)

MATERIALS: 3 ozs. "Target" Campanula 4-ply; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. balls Angora wool; Nos. 9 and 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS: Bust 32-34 ins.; sleeve seam 3 ins.; length 20 ins.

TENSION: 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK OF THE CARDIGAN

Using No. 10 pins and M. cast on 150 sts and work thus:

1st row.—(Right side of work.) P. 2 (K. 2, P. 2) to end.

2nd row.—K. 2 (P. 2, K. 2) to end.

Continue in this manner until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 8 rows (114 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 21 ins. from the cast-on edge then shape shoulder and work pointed neck-line thus:

1st and 2nd rows.—Cast off 35 sts. (loop on pin), rib to end.

3rd row.—Dec. rib 18, dec., turn and work in rib dec. at each end of every row until all sts. are worked off.

Rejoin wool at remaining 22 sts. and work a second point to match the first.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 pins and M. cast on 64 sts. and * work in K. 2, P. 2, rib dec. at the front edge only on the next 9 rows (55 sts.). Now inc. at the same edge on the next 9 rows (64 sts.). Rep. from * until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge, then, shaping front edge as before, shape armhole by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows starting at seam edge and dec. at the same edge on the next 7 rows (35 sts. on the shortest rows). Keeping armhole edge straight, continue in rib shaping front edge as before, until work measures approximately 21 ins. from cast-on edge, when there are 35 sts. on pin. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front but reversing all shaping.

THE BORDER

Using No. 13 pins and C. cast on 12 sts. and * work in garter st. inc. at one edge only on the next 11 rows (23 sts.). Now dec. at the same (Continued on page 78)

MATERIALS: 9 ozs. Sirdar "Majestic" wool, 3-ply, in Blue; 2 ozs., Black, 2 ozs.; Nos. 10 and 13 needles.

MEASUREMENTS: Bust, 34-36 ins.; length from shoulder, 22 ins.; sleeve seam, 19 ins.

TENSION: 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to 1 in. over st.-st., worked with No. 10 pins.

Fur Season

The variety of furs in the less costly range grows wider and many have the luxurious look associated with higher prices. Tescan's Embros lamb (below left) is dyed chocolate and has slanted pockets trimmed with velvet. £37.15.6. The Mincella lamb next to it is dyed to resemble mink. £47. The natural black musquash flank, right, has a full back and wide cuffs. National Fur Company £210



Peschanika, left, one of the less familiar furs, is rapidly gaining popularity. The skin is light in weight and has a becoming lustre. This biscuit brown model with wide back, deep shawl collar and envelope cuffs is £195. National Fur Company. Sheared Raccoon, above, is a splendid all-purpose fur. Like nutria in appearance it will stand hard wear. Price £450. National Fur Company

Health On Your Plate

THE cause of old age has always been a subject of theory and speculation. "You are as young as your arteries," say some authorities; "you are as young as your bloodstream," say others. The colon, the connective tissues, the glands have all at one time or another been held responsible for the onset of signs and symptoms of old age. Now Gayelord Hauser, in a book recently published in this country (*Look Younger, Live Longer*. Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.), is persuasively arguing that you are as young as your diet, and his ideas are of special interest in these days of food difficulties, even though the average reader will not be able to go all the way with him.

His theory is that the ideal diet for health and longevity should contain plenty of protein, plenty of vitamins and natural sugars, and an adequate supply of essential minerals. There is nothing new in this as it stands. But he throws an interesting light on the sources of these food factors.

We are already conditioned to the idea that vitamins are important to a well-balanced diet, but Gayelord Hauser explains why. Vitamin A is the glamorous vitamin which helps to produce a smooth skin and bright eyes; helps to build up resistance to infections and diseases. The vitamins of the ever-growing B group help to stabilize the heart, and the nerves, and are vital for normal elimination. Vitamin C keeps the body pliant and young. Vitamin D assists in keeping the teeth and bones strong, straight and firm, and helps to relax the nerves. Vitamin E, the most hotly debated of all the vitamins, he maintains wards off many "old age" diseases.

The body also needs many minerals to maintain it in youthful healthfulness. Minerals help to maintain water in the cells (so keeping the tissues pliant and firm); keeps the blood from becoming too acid or too alkaline. Calcium (plus vitamin D) stabilizes the nerves, brings calmness and relaxation and sleep (insomnia sufferers please note).

Besides vitamins and minerals, the ideal

diet should be rich in protein. A low protein diet (which is common enough in these days) can be responsible for a certain type of fatigue and may be the cause of many "below par" conditions nowadays.

Many people, fully aware of these principles of a balanced diet, are conscious that, with prevailing food difficulties, their actual food falls far short of the ideal. Salads, summer and winter, fruit and fruit juices, take good care of the vitamin content, but a high protein diet seems impossible to those for whom lean meat and protein are synonymous. Actually, there are several other protein foods—fish, eggs, cheese, milk and all milk products, and whole grain cereals such as Bemax should not be neglected as sources of protein as well as vitamin. To these Gayelord Hauser adds what he believes to be the two most valuable sources of protein—yoghourt and dried yeast.

The particular value of yeast is that it contains fourteen essential minerals, seventeen vitamins, including the whole B family.

Yoghourt (a curd preparation of milk) is an agreeable health food which apparently manufactures B vitamins in the digestive tract. A commercial product is available in most towns, otherwise it can be made at home.

That food should be eaten and enjoyed is, in fact, one of Hauser's main principles. A diet for health—and perfecting the figure, too, because a healthy body is neither overweight nor underweight—can be both palatable and satisfying as this specimen menu for a day demonstrates.

Menu

- Breakfast:** Sliced orange
Boiled egg cooked until yoke is well set
Wholemeal toast with honey
Café au lait or milk drink
In addition: 1 vitamin and mineral tablet
- Mid-morning:** Fruit or milk drink, or yoghurt with Rose hip syrup or honey
- Lunch:** Cheese soufflé
Creamed spinach
Raw fruit
Café au lait, milk drink or tea
- Tea:** Your choice as mid-morning
- Dinner:** Grilled fish
Potatoes baked in their jackets and served with a little butter, parsley
Spinach
Fruit compôte
Small cup of black coffee
- Bedtime:** Milk drink, hot or cold: take 2 calcium tablets

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

For advice on beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope



Beauty In The Prime

ONE compensation for living in an age of science is that men have a longer expectation of life and women a longer expectation of youth. Youthfulness at forty is taken for granted; youthfulness at fifty, sixty and upward is not the exception. This is due, partly to an improvement in the general standard of health, partly to the elevation of cosmetic chemistry to the status of a science with incalculable benefits to women.

Beauty preparations are no longer considered the prerogative of youth—indeed, the younger woman is less, not more, in need of them. With a few carefully chosen beauty aids, the older woman can be considered in the “prime of life.”

The most important item in the older woman's cosmetic range is a skin lubricant. So many characteristics of the ageing skin are not the results of passing time, but are simply the results of over-dryness. As the skin gets older, the natural oils dry out. The consequence is a skin parched and cracked, and already dangerously susceptible to wrinkles.

There are several skin foods specially blended for older skins. All are rich yet light, emollient and readily absorbed by the most delicate tissues. By feeding back the oils into the skin, the cells are kept moist and succulent and the lines are filled out from within.

Over-dryness, however, is not the only factor which contributes to the characteristic signs of maturity. The smooth tautness of a youthful complexion is related to the presence of certain hormones in the system which in the natural life cycle diminish towards middle age and then finally disappear altogether. The hormone creams which are already in quite common use put back these hormones into the skin by which the texture of the skin is preserved.

Make-up can, of course, compensate for the natural loss of colour which takes place over the years. The best type of foundation for the older skin is an emulsion make-up base. This is protective, non-drying and gives a good finish without being too heavy. Silk powder, being a natural substance in itself, gives the skin a soft, natural bloom. An unnatural, made-up look is the one effect above all others which the older woman should avoid.

One beauty salon specializing in the problems of the older woman has worked out a comprehensive beauty routine for her along these lines :

At night cleanse with cleansing cream, followed by a mild liquid stimulant. Now comes an application of Hormone Night Cream.

In the morning : Application of Hormone Day Cream, which is left on for 10-20 minutes. Remove and make-up.

Make-up : Town and Country Foundation in natural shade. Silk powder in dark peaches and cream shade. Silk lipstick and rouge in Pink Beauty. Aqua Eye shadow. Black waterproof mascara where necessary.

Wise With Perfume

GOOD perfume is far too precious to allow wastage from evaporation. Preserve the rubber stopper to perfume bottles carefully, and take extra care in replacing ground glass tops to Cologne and toilet water flacons. The extra seconds it takes to remove and replace the stopper or give an extra turn to the bottle top will save precious drops of scent.

Linen can be kept fragrantly perfumed at no cost at all if the linen cupboard is used as a store of scented soaps. Leave empty perfume bottles there for a while until every breath of perfume has vanished.

For double pleasure from toilet water and Colognes, sprinkle a few drops on the ironing board and allow the alcohol to evaporate before beginning to iron. You will be surrounded by a lovely fragrance while you work and afterwards the newly ironed lingerie will lend sweet scent to the wearing.

Make the most of bath fragrance by putting the tablet or oil into the bath tub right under the taps before running in the water. When the taps are turned on, the force of the water will release all the loveliness of the perfume.

See How they Grow

THE problem of clothes for a young family tending to shoot up like beanstalks is a very real one. Proud as she may be that Junior is so tall for his age, his mother is bound to regard as a very mixed blessing the fact that her fourteen-year-old can already wear his father's socks.

Though it is sometimes claimed that children now develop physically more rapidly than their parents did, research has shown that there is actually very little in it. The average increase of growth since the war of children of school age is shown to be half an inch in height and two pounds in weight. Modern children appear to get their growing over sooner, which may be attributable to modern systems of dieting and a general improvement in health standards.

Many of the recent researches into the subject of child growth have been conducted by the clothing industry, for whom sizing is, of course, an important matter. In fact, some very important developments are promised in the matter of resizing for young people which parents, harassed by the expense of clothing for the rapidly growing boy or girl, must hear of with relief.

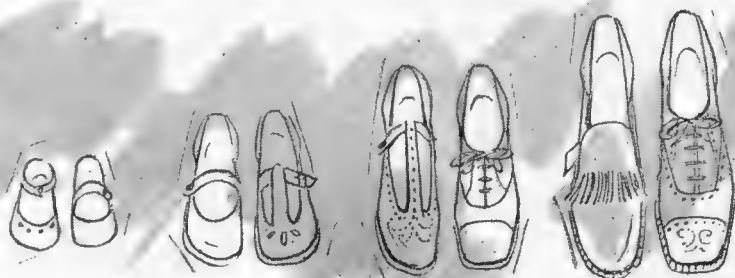
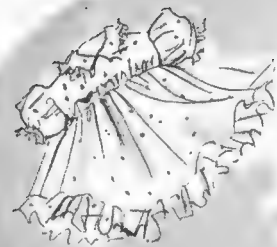
The biggest-ever survey was recently carried out in which thousands of children were measured and compared for size. The most important of the findings from this research was that children of one age-group differed so widely in size that manufacturers' existing sizing systems are now recognized as unrealistic.

In the light of this knowledge, the clothing trade is launching a campaign to educate its customers to the new sizing system which, it is hoped, will ultimately be universally accepted by all makers of children's wear.

THE new sizing chart is based on height and weight rather than upon age. For instance, the size to fit a girl measuring 4 ft. 2 in. in height and weighing 4 stone is called "BS5." This is an average size for a seven-year-old, but it can just as well fit a well-grown six-year-old or a smaller eight-year-old. Age will no longer be the ruling factor in sizing. By simply giving the height and weight of the child its measurements can be accurately assessed.

Another important revelation was that children do not grow evenly as was previously assumed. Arbitrary degrees of growth (previously assessed at about 2 in. a year) are now known to be inaccurate. At some ages the child grows lengthwise, and at others widthwise, according to the periods of bone formation or the broadening process. Researches have proved that children rarely put on bone and flesh together, and from these discoveries clothiers have learned the fallacy of merely adding a couple of inches to arm-length, trousers or skirt hem.

A further point which has been given some prominence in establishing the new system of sizing and designing is that children are, on the whole, seldom in the upright position during waking hours. Youngsters crouch on the floor, sprawl over the chairs, run, jump, balance on one leg or squat on their haunches far more often than they stand precisely in the horizontal position. In designing clothes for infants, therefore, the future aim will be to give every possible freedom of action so that limbs may move freely and develop unhampered. Children are uncomfortable in garments which restrict the movement of the arms; small girls are bewildered by bodices which button down the back and jackets which drag across the shoulders are anathema to active boys. Pants which are tight in the crotch are uncomfortable, and known to be potentially harmful.





A continuous burning coke fire (left) with gas burner for easy lighting and convector slot through which warm air passes out into the room. Below, a free standing continuous burning stove, with convection louvres



FUEL SAVERS

HOW are we going to meet the problem of adequate heating for our homes this coming winter? With the threatened shortage of coal, possible cuts in power and gas—and the rising cost of every kind of fuel, most of us are concerned with the combined question of *efficient* and *economical* heating.

There are a number of fires on the market which have been designed with these very points in view, and a résumé of the types available and their respective advantages may be helpful.

Briefly, the slow-burning "economy-type" fires may be divided into three groups:

The all-fuel fire which can be fitted into existing grates;
The continuous burning open fire which also supplies convected heat;

The stove type—which can be opened as required.

The first of these can be bought for as low as £4 10s. exclusive of installation charges, which will vary. As it may be adjusted for very slow burning, and can be run on as little as $\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. of fuel a week, it will very soon offset the initial outlay and start to represent a real saving in fuel consumption.

It is estimated that a well-designed and efficiently installed open coke fire will give ten per cent more heat than the average coal fire—and this, of course, may be considerably increased when convected heat is supplied from the same source and the fire is also used to heat a boiler.

A fire of this kind will burn for ten hours without attention; it has a plate at the front which is adjusted for all-night burning.

In a large number of cases, these fires are fitted with a built-in gas burner, which makes for easy lighting.

You know how long it takes to get a room really warm, starting from scratch on a winter morning! When you've had a fire going all night it's quite another thing: and these fires can be "throttled down" to burn only about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fuel an hour.

NEXT comes the open fire designed to use fuel in the most economical way and also to heat by convection—that is, by warmed air currents. Inlets draw in cool air and return it warmed through outlets into the room.

Slow-burning open fires which include convector heating mean, of course, that the entire fireplace must be changed. You cannot fit such a fire into an existing fireplace. Prices vary, according to which fire you choose and the type of finish preferred, but generally speaking the cost is from around £13 without installation.

For a small additional outlay, a fire of this type can be installed to supply convected heat to a room adjoining or above that in which it is fitted. It won't be sufficient alone as a means of heating in mid-winter, but it will "take off the chill" so that a small gas or electric fire will bring the room to a comfortable temperature.

What is often thought of as the "Continental" type of stove has come more and more into fashion in this country of recent years. It has obvious advantages in that it has a very low average fuel consumption, will burn almost any type of fuel, and can be kept alight for weeks at a time.

Statistics show that for each £1 spent on fuel, stoves like these give a higher heat value than gas or electric appliances—and quite a bit more than open fires. Roughly speaking, the ratio is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ -1, in favour of these stoves!

Where there is a large family, it is a practical idea to install such a stove in the dining-room; it means that meals can be taken in comfort and the room is always ready for use as an extra sitting-room at a very low extra cost.

The newest types of these stoves are also designed on the convector principal. When the stove is alight, air is constantly drawn into the space between the inner and the outer casing and passed out through the louvres at the top of the stove, supplying a continual current of warmed air to the room.

So what is your choice? Remember that initial outlay must be weighed against future economy and the standard of heating efficiency.

MARGARET STEVENS



Any fireplace can be converted into a slow-burning fire by means of this conversion unit which costs about £4 10s.



little. Mix in egg yolks. Simmer a few minutes, being careful not to boil. Finally whisk egg whites stiffly. Pour on top of soup, sprinkle on cinnamon.

MUSHROOM SOUP

Tablespoonful chopped parsley; 2 pints of field mushrooms; 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. flour; hot water; tablespoonful chopped parsley; seasoning; sherry; about pint of hot milk.

Wash mushrooms but leave skins on. Simmer in water and a teaspoonful of vinegar till soft. Put through sieve, retaining a few whole ones. Melt fat; work in flour to make smooth paste; season. Add milk and hot water to make a creamy soup. Add mushroom purée, parsley and sherry to taste and remaining mushrooms.

BOULOGNE SOUP

1 lb. onions; 1 cauliflower; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. breadcrumbs; 1 pint milk; few bacon rinds; 1 oz. margarine; 3 pints cauliflower stock.

Take leaves off cauliflower. Wash, boil till tender. Slice onions and fry in margarine 5 minutes with pan covered. Mix cauliflower in sprigs with onions, breadcrumbs, rinds, stock from cauliflower. Simmer for an hour, sieve. Season, add milk. Bring to boil. Serve with cheese croutons.

WARMING SOUPS

A GOOD soup makes a pleasant chilly evening supper. None of the following are made with meat stock but all are creamy and nourishing.

CHESTNUT AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS SOUP

1 lb. brussels sprouts; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peeled chestnuts; 1 quart vegetable stock; pinch grated nutmeg; 1 oz. margarine; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk; blade of mace; seasoning.

Cut ends off chestnuts. Put in a tray in low oven or in boiling water for 10 minutes; peel. Melt margarine in pan. Toss chestnuts in fat without browning for a few minutes. Add stock and mace. Boil about an hour till chestnuts are tender; strain stock and put chestnuts through sieve; also the sprouts (cooked). Return to pan with milk, nutmeg and season. Heat through. Serve with croutons of fried bread.

AUTUMN VEGETABLE SOUP

3 carrots; stick of celery; a few artichokes or piece of turnip; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vegetable stock or rice water; 1 pint milk; 2 onions; seasoning; 1 oz. cornflour; 1 oz. margarine.

Prepare vegetables and cut in small pieces. Melt margarine in pan, toss vegetables in it a few minutes. Add stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk. Season. Bring to boil, simmer about 2 hours till tender. Blend cornflour in a little milk. Add rest of milk and stir until thick. Serve with a dish of grated cheese.

SPICED SOUP

2 pints milk or milk and water in which macaroni has been cooked; 1 or 2 eggs; 2 cloves; strip lemon rind; pinch powdered cinnamon; 4 peppercorns; 1 oz. flour; 2 bay leaves; blade of mace.

Put milk, bay leaves and other seasonings except cinnamon in pan. Bring to boil and simmer 30 minutes. Make a paste with flour and a little cold milk; add hot milk gradually, stirring to keep smooth. Return to pan, bring to boil, stirring. Cool a

Dish Of The Month

HARE is at its best this month if you should be lucky enough to get one. You can make a delicious meal of it either jugged, roasted or jointed and put in a casserole. The bones make excellent soup. Its accompaniments of forcemeat balls and red currant jelly increase its delicacy, or, as in the following recipe, serve with a wine sauce. Only really young hare should be, roasted.

Skin a young hare; clean, wash and stuff it with forcemeat; sew up and truss. Tie rashers of bacon round. Melt some dripping in a roasting tin in oven. Lay hare in it. Baste well. Cover with greased paper and baste frequently. Hare must be kept very moist. Roast in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Before serving remove string and skewers. Pour off fat from tin. Mix tablespoonful of flour with about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock in the tin, stirring gently while it boils for a few minutes. Add a squeeze of lemon, a wineglassful of port and a tablespoonful of red currant jelly. Chop some bacon in strips and add to sauce. Boil up; add water if too thick. Serve with red currant or quince jelly and forcemeat balls.

To The Appetite

Cookery by Harriet Muir

IN A PASTRY CASE

WHEN filling pastry it is important to remember that too wet a mixture makes soggy pastry. Therefore, in the case of meat and fish fillings, only add enough sauce or thick gravy to moisten. Fruit and meat pies should always have an airhole so that the gravy or juice does not boil up and wet the pastry. A covering pastry for pies should be thick and short; for tartlets quite thin.

CURRY FLOWER POTS

Prepare short pastry with 4 oz. fat and 8 oz. flour. Grease outside of dariole tins and cover with pastry. Stand upside down on baking-tin and bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. about 20 minutes. Remove tins carefully. Heat up a filling of left-over curry with rice mixed in. Line sides of pastry cups with chips of cooked celery. Fill with curry. Keep warm. Cut out flower shapes in bread with fancy cutters; fry in hot fat. Garnish tops of flower pots with tops of fresh celery and fried bread flowers. Serve with braised onions and potato.

CANADIAN FLAN

Mix together enough cooked and diced

potato, beans, peas, tomatoes, onions and egg to fill a flan, case. Make a cheese sauce and pour over the vegetables. Warm through or serve cold.

SAVOURY FLAN

Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint beef extract jelly, when cool and nearly setting pour a thin layer into bottom of pastry flan case; allow to set.

Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. diced ham or flaked cooked fish with cream cheese and all but 2 tablespoonfuls of the jelly.

Fill the flan case with the mixture and decorate with slices of tomato or carrot and peas.

Pour remaining jelly over as decoration. Allow to set and serve with salad.

FLIBBERTY GIBBETS

Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. puff or flakey pastry to about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut in triangles. Take half the triangles and spread with mixture given below, leaving good border. Brush edges with milk, cover with plain triangle, press edges together. Brush over with egg or milk. Bake in hot oven, Regulo 8 or 425° F., 15 minutes.

For the filling: Finely flake a cooked

finnan haddock; a dessertspoonful chutney or sauce; 2 oz. grated cheese. Cream the cheese and fish together with a little margarine. Season. Mix in chutney.

DUTCH TURNOVERS

Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. short pastry about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut rounds, saucer size. Spread centres with lemon curd, sliced apple dredged in sugar, and a spoonful of mincemeat. Take the centre of all four sides of pastry and bring to the middle, lightly covering filling. Fold back pastry either side at each corner, forming petals and fill space with mincemeat. Press pastry down in the middle and twist a little coil of pastry on top. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., for about 30 minutes.

HONEY COCONUT TARTS

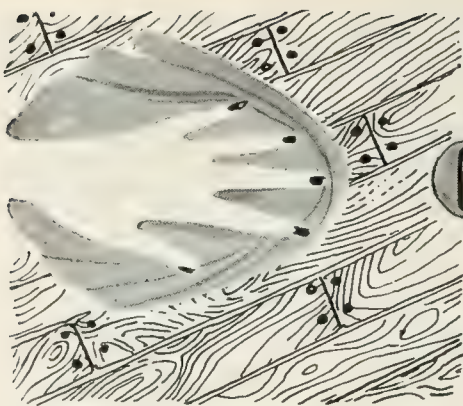
Line patty tins with short pastry. Make a gill of apple purée. Mix in a tablespoonful of honey and enough chopped dates to make a thick, creamy filling. Add a tablespoonful desiccated coconut and a squeeze of lemon juice. Fill tins. Cover with cross bars of pastry and bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F., about 15 minutes.



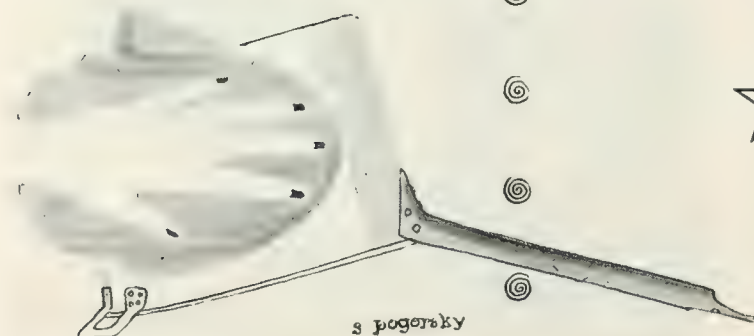
CANADIAN FLAN



DUTCH TURNOVERS



ON THE FACE OF IT



с погоры

BRIGHT surfaces round the house have an incalculable effect of cheerfulness. Surfaces which are allowed to dull over and sink into their backgrounds emerge again with a character of their own when they are freed of dirt and tarnish. The very contours of a piece of furniture or a piece of sparkling metal come into prominence when the surface is well kept. A good deal of the cleaning and polishing which is done in the home is ineffectual because imperfect cleaning methods are used and the best agents for the job are neglected.

Take polished floors, for instance. It is impossible to get a good polish on linoleum or floorboards unless the surface is clean to start with. The sticky smear which characterizes many polished surfaces is brought about by using too much greasy polish mixed with dirt. Linoleum or boards should be quite innocent of dirt before the first application of polish is applied. Subsequently the surface must be well swept and dusted to remove loose dirt before new polish is applied. Absolutely clean rags and a minimum of floor polish will produce a bright surface. Too much polish on the surface forms a film which merely traps the dirt and produces a murky film.

The same applies with furniture surfaces. Periodically the surface of the wood should be wiped over with a chamois cloth wrung out of tepid water to which two tablespoonfuls of vinegar have been added. This solution removes accumulated grease and dirt from the surface of the wood and makes it ready to take the new polish without smearing. Polish should always be used sparingly, and cleaning cloths washed between every new application. These precautions make the work easier and much more effective.

MARBLE fireplace surrounds grow yellow with time, even though they are washed. To whiten them, wipe over with a mixture of finely-powdered pumicestone and vinegar made into a thin paste. Leave this on the surface for a few hours before removing it with a brush and hot water. When the surface is quite dry polish it with whiting on a chamois cloth.

Ivory (piano keys and hair brushes

particularly) also tend to lose their whiteness with time. To restore them, make a thin paste of whiting and methylated spirit. Apply with a very soft clean cloth and polish well. In the case of piano keys use very little of the powder mixture at a time, so as to prevent it slipping down between the keys.

Some people like pewter jugs and tankards dull, others would sooner have them bright. Pewter is very easily brightened with whiting made into a thin paste with ammonia. Let it dry on the surface, as for plate powder, and polish off with a clean cloth or leather.

Cut glass (decanters and flower vases) respond well to washing with a strong solution of water and commercial bleach. This method is particularly helpful when the inside of the vessel is inaccessible.

Polished wood platters, cruets and table appointments which are so much used now should never be immersed in water for cleaning. To remove grease and stains, use a cloth wrung out of warm water and vinegar. Dry the surface at once and use a little cream furniture polish unless the utensil actually holds food, in which case a little sweet oil will give a polish.

LEATHER and hide chair-seats and upholstery can be washed over with saddle soap to remove stains. Very little water should be used, however, and the surface which should be immediately dried with a cloth, should afterwards be treated sparingly with linseed oil. Buff with a dry cloth.

Ammonia is one of the big labour savers when cleaning and polishing are concerned. Use it with warm water to clean and polish windows and mirrors. Put it into hot, soapy water for washing silver and cutlery. Wring out a chamois cloth in hot water and ammonia and wipe over the surface of chromium plate utensils. It removes grease, encourages polish and can do no harm to the surface.

Don't overlook the uses of steel wool for other purposes than pot scouring. Use it on the inside of the oven to remove grease and stains. Try it on a paint surface when preparing it for another coat, or for rubbing down any unpolished wood surface filmed with grease or dirt.



Waste Not, Want Not . . .

Old slogans never die, this one particularly. The Defence Programme necessitates a target of 1,200,000 tons of waste paper salvage this year unless we are to carry our parcels unwrapped again, queue for things again in short supply for lack of cartons. Don't risk it. Save every scrap of paper for salvage.



GLOVE-SOFT SHOES IN GRADED AMERICAN FITTINGS
MADE BY OUR SCOTTISH CRAFTSMEN



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This Is Where I Came In (Continued from page 27)

the road, walked down to the car park, tipped the attendant. I opened the door of my car and, "Hallo. You've been so long," Patsy said. I got in and shut the door. The headlights of a passing car suddenly lit up her profile, then left her in shadow, sparkling a diamond ear-ring. The engine purred under the starter button. It was warm and quiet inside the car; there was the smell of leather and the gentle sandalwood tang of her scent.

YOU know what a film treatment is? A mixed bag of twenty, thirty or forty pages outlining a story, describing characters, with sample dialogue and a few highlights. I was writing a film called *Winter in Cannes*; I had the treatment almost finished. In a few hard-working days I took that treatment to bits and when it was together again there was a part in the film for Patsy. I sent the treatment in to Front Office and sat back to await reactions.

They came, sure enough. Inside the hour. "Mr. Harcourt?"

"Speaking."

"Just a moment please. Mr. Ramsay for you."

Ramsay, Assistant Producer. Might have been worse.

"Hallo, is that you, Bill? What the hell are you playing at? This isn't the treatment I saw last week."

"Don't you like it?"

"I like it fine, I like it fine. But who's this brunette who's found her way in? Look here, Bill, have you got some little chick up your sleeve?"

"Well, Mr. Ramsay—"

"Now, Bill, look, get this straight. If the Old Man gets to know about this jiggery-pokery, it will be curtains, repeat, curtains. You're getting away with this just once. Just once, remember?" He rang off.

"Once is enough, Mr. Ramsay," I said to an empty phone.

And then days of conference, conference, conference. After that, back to the phone.

"Hallo, Casting? Miss Foster, please. Nancy poppet, Bill here. This part in W. in C., the brunette called Amanda, I know a girl called Rossiter, R.A.D.A., two years in rep—"

"Bill, I have twenty-three young women dying for that part—"

"Make it a round two dozen. . ."

Back again to the phone.

"Stephen?"

"Bill, good to hear you! How are you?"

"Burning with a hard, gem-like flame. Stephen, I want you to meet a girl—"

"Who, Patsy Rossiter?"

"How'd you know?"

"Casting, Stills, everybody from the carpenter up knows about you and your Patsy Rossiter."

"You'll give Patsy a test, then?"

"Give her a test! A test! Why should I test her? I've got to satisfy Accounts about every penny I spend. . ."

When I got home that evening Patsy had her feet up on the sofa, her shoes off, and was drinking tea out of a saucer.

"Hallo, sucker," I said. She made a noise like a horse lifting his hoof out of a swamp.

I took the cup and saucer from her, put it on the table and sat down beside her. We grinned at each other. That afternoon I'd been planning to tease her, to play around before I told her the news, but now she was there I knew I couldn't; I'd have to blurt it out straightaway.

"I've got you a film test," I said.

Patsy sat bolt upright, her eyes wide, like a kid at a pantomime. "Oh, Bill," she said into my ear, "Bill, Bill," her voice changing into an urgent whisper as she pulled me down among the cushions.

"Darling," I said, "I want a cup of tea."

"Later," murmured Patsy.

DOWN on Stage Two where they shoot the tests, there's a doorkeeper called Enery. He's been there, the records say, for fourteen years and like all rude old men who stick in the same place for a long time, he regards himself as an institution. "Dear old Enery,"

people remark, "wonderful character. Says what he thinks." Enery said to me: "That there bit you brought along, Patsy whatever-it-is, she's orlright. She's a nacheral, she is. I seen 'em come, I seen 'em go, but as soon as I saw 'er, I says, 'She's a nacheral.'"

I told him to go and sit on his brazier, but for once, the old fool was right. Patsy was a natural. She wasn't a Stanwyck, a Davis or a Hepburn. She could act, just about enough to get by. But there wasn't need for her to act, she just had to play her lovely, happy self. On the screen she's just as she is in real life; there never was anybody so relaxed, so happy as Patsy is. That's why people queue in the rain, to share that happiness of Patsy's.

Conference: Miss Rossiter cast as Amanda. Conference: Stephen Hart confirmed as chief cameraman. Conference: Victor Ellison named as director.

I didn't know Ellison at all, he'd joined us very recently when Chalfont Films went broke. I met him first when we discussed the shooting script of *Winter in Cannes* and I didn't exactly take to him.

We were sitting round the big polished conference table, Fraser and Adamson who had written the scenario with me, Miss Lockyer and myself. Locky was one of the secretaries, forty-five years old with a grey stripe in her hair. She was a honey. When Ramsay brought Ellison in, we were taking it in turns to flip a table-tennis ball along the polished surface so that it would come shooting back again. Ramsay acted like a man pleased to see us, but Ellison had a haughty, sour look about him. Ramsay introduced us and left.

Ellison sat at the head of the table, giving us the hard, I'm-the-boss look. Locky wrote in her notebook and held it so I could read. It was a four-letter word. Then he stood up. "Harcourt, Fraser, Adamson," he said, "this script will not do. It just will not do." And then he slammed the script down on the table with a crash that made Locky jump out of her chair.

There was silence for a moment; and then Adamson started to clap, Fraser and I politely joining in. Ellison's mouth tightened so that his lips almost disappeared.

"When this juvenile display is over, perhaps I may be allowed to particularize. Page twenty-three, for example. Jennifer is saying: 'I knew you loved me, when we're together you're always spilling things.' Do you think that sentence reflects the tenderness of a young girl in love?"

"Not the way you read it," said Fraser.

Battle had been joined. But later, as we grudgingly had to admit, time and time again, Ellison was great on the studio floor. A fine director, one of the best there is.

EVERY film production has an atmosphere all its own. You can sense it by a score of tiny indications—by the interest or boredom with which the continuity girl follows her script, the tone of the director's voice, how loudly the clapper boy bangs the clapper. Never any doubts about *Winter in Cannes*. There's a scene in *Winter in Cannes*—very simple, Patsy coming into a lighted shop from the darkness outside. In a close-up you see her glance casually across the shop. It's a picture of calm beauty, just Patsy with some snowflakes glistening in her hair. I saw that sequence rehearsed time and time again. I saw it shot twice. I remember Stephen on the camera trolley making a circle with his thumb and forefinger, the way he always does for his O.K. sign. I remember Ellison saying "That's for the can." I've seen the sequence on a dozen screens and my heart still jumps when I see Patsy in that close-up.

It's fine, being with Patsy. Always. She's such an easy person; everybody spoils her; people can't help themselves. She gets everything she wants all the time, but she gives so much in return. There's a sort of atmosphere she carries with her, things look so much better when she's around. I can see her now, lying face downward with her chin in her hands, her shoes off, reading the crits the

morning after the trade showing of *Winter in Cannes*.

"Bill, here's a bit about you."

"Is it good?"

"Wonderful, I'll read it. 'The film owes much to William Harcourt's whippcracking dialogue.' Oh, darling, you are clever to write whippcracking dialogue. Who's Hilary Craven?"

"That's his review? Little fat man, spectacles. You met him at Ted Foster's."

"Oh, I remember, yes, he got stinkers and tried to pinch my bottom."

"Any success?"

"Well, darling, it all happened so quickly, I couldn't do a thing about it. Next day I was black and blue. Still, all's well that ends well, isn't it?"

The doorbell started ringing then and first of all it was Stephen, in his baggy suit, bow tie and corduroy waistcoat—"They spelt my name right! Did you see?"—and then more and more people kept arriving, so that in the end we left the door open; what with Fraser's tone-deaf singing and the clink of glasses and half London talking at the top of its voice while Mrs. Turner vacuum-cleaned away in the passage, my flat looked like a telephone booth with the Marx Brothers going through a routine.

Winter in Cannes was a success; not a *Third Man* you understand, but a big enough success to earn bonuses for Ellison, Stephen and me. Patsy got a three-year contract and the P.R. boys went to work on her straight away. Gossip columnists wrote about Patsy, telling what she ate for breakfast, that she loved chunky jewellery, that she never ate breakfast, that she hated jewels she had to dust. There were photographs of Patsy everywhere—she made the covers of three national magazines in the same week.

Then all the tumult and excitement died down and we went back to work. Patsy got a part in a costume drama and I sharpened another pencil and went on scribbling. Or trying to. And one morning I couldn't stand it any more and went down to Stage Three and elbowed through dozens of people and picked my way over power cables and past scenery and found Patsy. I took her behind a plywood Viennese house and asked her to marry me. She was wearing a crinoline and the studio orchestra was rehearsing "The Haunted Ballroom."

I've got five records of that tune, all of them just about worn out. I remember time by films and places and tunes. *Last Mile Home*. *Winter in Cannes*. Positano. All those melodies from *Oklahoma!*. *Pelican Meadow*; "The Girl That I Marry." *Undercurrent*; San Sebastian. "Dance Ballerina, Dance." *Portrait in Oils*. "Buttons and Bows." *The Red Front Door*. And that brings me to the only time I ever knew Patsy to cry.

I'd just come back from Paris, where we'd been starting preliminary talks about a film we were going to make on location over there. Patsy let me in and at once I knew something was wrong.

"Bill," she said, "they're not renewing my contract."

"What?"

"Come in and talk to Ted."

Ted Foster, Patsy's agent, was sitting in a wing armchair. He looked very miserable. "It's this way, old boy," he said. "No money in English pictures any more. Cutting down, left, right and centre. Recuperate, that's the cry now. Big finance boys getting cold feet." He talked like that, firing sentences at you and puffing away at his big pipe. He was going bald and his head was red and shiny. Very likeable man. "It's happening everywhere. Marjorie's on the way out, and John Savage and Ruth. Ellison's gone, too."

"Always the silver lining," I said.

"He got out just before the axe fell. In Hollywood now. Going to direct a film called *Waste of Waters*. Know who's in it?"

"Tell me."

Ted named four stars.

"He'll have some trouble with that little merry-go-round," I said. Which was an understatement. The *(Continued on page 56)*

two men hated the sight of each other, and one of the women threw earthquakes of temperament. No American director with a reputation to lose would have handled that bunch.

Ted Foster said goodbye and then, as I said, Patsy cried.

PATSY'S final picture might have been an ordeal for everybody at the studios; there was so much at stake, she would have been forgiven all the temperament she wanted to throw. But nothing ever seemed to disturb Patsy, she just went her calm, happy way through life. People used to ask me, friends in confidential moments, or reporters whenever they thought fit, was that serenity just a pose of Patsy's? It wasn't. Patsy was always Patsy. Even when she left for the studio at five-thirty in the morning.

Her film was finished inside time and inside-budget. The critics liked it. It was a good exit; but exit it was.

Patsy was still "resting" when advertisements began to appear in London for *Waste of Waters*. Soon an invitation arrived requesting the company of Mr. and Mrs. William Harcourt at the première and afterwards at the reception at Handel's.

Panic was rife, of course, on the day of the première. To start with, Ellison's liner had some minor engine trouble and docked nine hours late.

When we got to the cinema, it was policemen holding crowds back, oooo-ohs as Patsy went in, no oohs for me, a barrage of flash-

lights and everybody being charming in the foyer.

Ellison drove up just in time, in a mud-splashed Rolls, and Patsy and I saw him borne away to be polite to a producer with a knight-hood. When all the exhibitionism had died away we sat in the cinema and *Waste of Waters* began. I knew it was good while the titles were still coming up. There was much applause when it was over, although that was neither here nor there—pay five guineas for a seat and you're far more determined to enjoy yourself than when the ticket costs one-and-nine.

At the reception Ellison was surrounded. Patsy and I began to fight our way over to the buffet when I felt someone put a hand on my shoulder. It was Stephen.

"Bill, am I glad to see you—Ramsay's been ringing from Paris, trying to get hold of you. They want you over there."

"When?"

"As soon as you can get a plane."

"What in hell for?" I asked.

"Bill, it's Front Office stuff. They have to shoot Annette's piece to-morrow before she goes to Italy. There's some re-writing to be done, and they want it by five a.m."

When Front Office says do this, you do it, so I said goodbye to Patsy and about fifty minutes later I was driving into Northolt Airport, with time in hand to catch the eleven-forty Viking. A steward I know saw me walking into the main airport building and came up to me.

"Did you want to get to Paris, Mr.

This Is Where I Came In

Rossiter?"

I didn't even blink any more at not being called Mr. Harcourt.

"Put it this way," I said, "I have to get to Paris."

"Sorry, sir, but I'm afraid there'll be no flights until dawn, not for six hours. B.E.A. have scrubbed all Continental trips, and so have Air France. Fog at Paris."

"Good," I said, "I've got a party waiting. See you at daybreak."

The roads were emptier as it got past midnight, and I made good time back to London. I pulled in to the car park at Handel's, locked my car and made my way towards the music. It was quite some party, judging by the noise.

I don't know what impact it made when I first saw Patsy. I just remember standing in that car park with the stone striking cold through my thin shoes feeling numb inside with that horrible certainty that everything was finished. Looking back, there was a time when my feelings were much the same. I was six years old and I found a ring on a pavement. It had a stone the size of my thumbnail; to me it seemed it must be worth a king's ransom. When they told me the stone was glass it just about broke my heart. I felt that way as I went back to my car, leaving Patsy waiting in a mud-splashed Rolls, waiting for Victor Ellison to lead her on to her new fortunes.

END

Books (Continued from page 32)

TRAPPERS and their lonely life figure largely, too, in Frank Illingworth's "**North of the Circle**" (Hodge, 15s.), but his range is much wider, taking in most of the Arctic life he knows so well. Apart from chilling encounters with polar bears and ordeals in blizzards, I like his story of the Norwegian trapper who, on a Norway holiday after seven years in Spitzbergen, taxied 250 miles to Oslo, acquired an actress, seven suits and overcoats, bowler hat, silver walking-stick, silk underclothes—none of which he really needed—and in a few weeks sold the lot, bade the actress good-bye, and returned to his trapping. A first-rate book, both exciting and informative.

FESTIVAL London owes much to Wren, his prodigious St. Paul's and fifty-two churches. All the brains, sweat, fret and frustration that went to their making John Lindsey records in scrupulous detail in "**Wren, His Work and Times**" (Rich and Cowan, 16s.), a biography as skilled in its way as Wren's resolute craftsmanship.

IF impartial news counts, Festival London also owes something to Reuter's, founded one hundred years ago in two rooms in the Royal Exchange by a German immigrant plus one office boy. "**Reuter's Century**" (Parrish, 10s. 6d.) is Graham Storey's account of early setbacks, subsequent development, great news stories, and the men who handled them: an absorbing panorama of history, an achievement of which we can be proud.

IT is not easy, novelizing a famous artist's life and making it convincing. Virginia Hersch succeeds, I think, with Delacroix—"**To Seize a Dream**" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)—because, as wife of a noted U.S. artist, she understands the artist-soul, in love as well as in studio and café, and interprets it with intuitive intensity. I found this extremely well-written bionovel engrossing.

GILBERT FRANKAU writes not as a *Litterateur* but essentially as a man of the world for worldly people; hence his popularity. His "**Oliver Trenton, K.C.**" (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.) has, for second wife, a Roman Catholic girl who regrets her lapse from the Church in marrying him. He defends her brother, accused of murdering the stage partner of the actress the brother loves; she finds reconciliation both in

renewed faith and in the depth of her love for Oliver. The trial makes a graphic climax to this story of religion, love and law.

PITY the old campaigner of seventy-five in a fish queue, thinking London is becoming "too blasted overcrowded," seeing a girl walk off with the last piece of hake he wanted, dreaming of the deuced pretty wenches he'd known in foreign parts! But a scriptwriter wants him for a film of army life, and that leads to cutbacks of his soldiering in Hong Kong, South Africa, India and the N.W. Frontier. A human, lovable Blimp, Henry Gibbs's hero in "**Taps, Colonel Roberts**" (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.).

THERE'S an old warrior, too, in H. E. Bates's "**Colonel Julian and Other Stories**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), who has R.A.F. boys billeted on him and winces when one refers to army types as "Brown Jobs." Likewise a peppery captain who also bewails the changed times, with all the decent people gone, but stoutly keeps the flag flying. Most of these stories have English settings and show Mr. Bates at his best. He is a master of character, humour, passion, and the sudden gulp in the throat.

NEW ZEALAND infantrymen in the Italian campaign comprise Guthrie Wilson's "**Brave Company**" (Hale, 10s. 6d.). And how affecting it is, when you've known the first World War and its literature, to find a novel of the second World War essentially the same in tough comradeship, cussing, sex-talk, fighting, bravery—almost as if time had hiccupped. No reflection, this, on Mr. Wilson's skill in delineating the guts of war with the realism of *All Quiet* and *Her Privates We*.

FREDERICK HOWARD'S "**No Music for Generals**" (Wingate, 12s. 6d.) is quite another story: U.S. and forcefully second World War, with a MacArthur-like general for hero who pulls political strings to help save an imaginary British colony in Asia. Here are all the stress and humour of campaigning at high levels, with a muster of conflicting, intriguing, real-life characters.

CERTAIN human relationships need delicate handling if normal readers are not to be repelled. Thomas Hal Phillips, in a tale

of the Southern States—"The Bitterweed Path" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.)—treats one such sensitively and, indeed, presents normal love, too, with a sharp, clean beauty. An unusual study of the emotional complexities of seemingly simple people in an up-country sawmill background.

TWO lusty historicals that sweep you along through colourful adventures with no hat-doffing to dry-as-dust pedants: Burke Boyce's "**Cloak of Folly**" about the loves and exploits of the Earl of Oxford in Elizabeth's reign; Shirley Barker's "**Rivers Parting**," a tale of love, raw life and peril in seventeenth-century Nottingham, London's Great Plague and Fire, and New Hampshire (W. H. Allen, 11s. 6d. each).

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

NOVELS

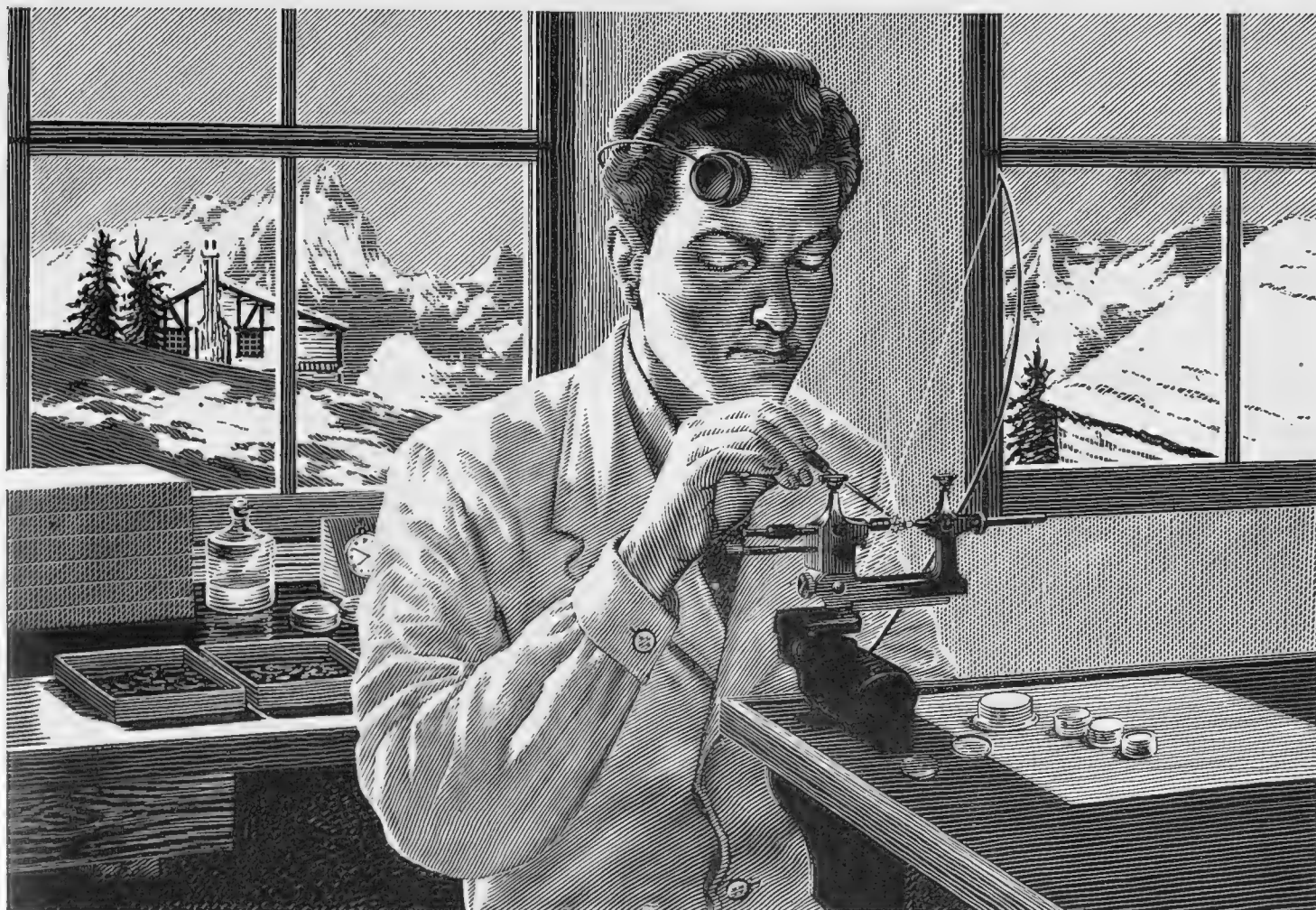
"**Blandings' Way**," by Eric Hodgins (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). "**Gaiety Rose**," by Guy Trent (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.). "**The Hero's Wife**," by Marjorie Stace (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.). "**A Fig for Virtue**," by Anne Meredith (Faber, 10s. 6d.). "**January Thaw**," by Bellamy Partridge (Hale, 10s. 6d.). "**The Painswick Line**," by Henry Cecil (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.). "**My Gun is Quick**," by Mickey Spillane (Arthur Barker, 8s. 6d.). "**Duenna to a Murder**," by Rufus King (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). "**Monsoon**," by George H. Johnson (Faber, 12s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"**The Ultimate Value**," by Robert Collis (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). "**The Years of Sweet Illusions**," by Hans Carossa (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). "**Laughing Gas and Safety Lamp**," by Amabel Williams Ellis and Euan Cooper Willis (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). "**A Traveller in Venice**," by Derek Patmore (Methuen, 15s.). "**Traditional Recipes of the British Isles**," by Neil Heaton (Faber, 10s. 6d.). "**Nuts in May**," by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Constable, 12s. 6d.). "**The Pavement and the Sky**," by Tom Clarkson (Allan Wingate, 10s. 6d.). "**One Hundred Years in Pictures**," by D. C. Somervell (Odhams, 12s. 6d.).

END

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The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

Hide And Sneak (Continued from page 19)

and what he had seen, he did not greatly admire. Mr. Godge was altogether too portly for his not very considerable years; he had that florid complexion which goes with over-weening self esteem, a ridiculous pair of inverted commas for a moustache and heavy spectacles with thick ear-pieces.

One morning, when Charles was at his station at his spy-hole, Godge came angrily from the panelled walk into the outer office inhabited by Miss Grange. He had been trying to find a Mr. Robinson, and had been lost in the rambling mansion.

"Damned rabbit warren," he said. "The only thing it's fit for is hardcore. It ought to be blown into good rubble. What's the use of these mildewed old mansions *nowadays*? We ought to have offices that belong to the age. Ferro-concrete, glass—lots of glass—and lifts."

"Fortunately," said Miss Grange, "no one would dare to blow up Inglerow House. Every brick is solid history."

"Oh, that guide-book stuff!" said Godge, with contempt. "It would make about five thousand cube-yards of good hardcore, broken up. Enough to make a base for a mile of thirty-foot road. No use for anything else."

"Well, not for offices," agreed the girl. "But it was never meant to be offices. It was meant to be a fine house, and it could be still, if the best wasn't too good for anybody."

"Yes, I know," said Godge, "Sir Roger de Coverley and harvest homes and spring guns in the coverts. The good old squire! . . . But we've rubbed *him* out, thank the Lord."

"Maybe you have," retorted Miss Grange, "but if you think we represent some sort of advance, sitting up here with our typewriters and telephones, just go and ask them in the village who'd they rather have in the Big House . . . the old squires or the National Slate and Paving Board. Ask them."

"I wouldn't dream of asking those peasants," said Mr. Godge going into his office, "what do they know about anything? . . . It's a queer thing," he said, as he shut the door upon himself, "how women love to argue. I believe they think it *impresses*."

This conversation infuriated Charles and made him wish to demonstrate, in as sensational a manner as possible, his support for the girl's view-point. The way he chose to do this was, to say the least, peculiar. He imagined that if, under his proper name, a name so long associated with Inglerow, he were to write her a short note of thanks, making it clear that he had overheard the conversation, and leave it upon her desk, it might well confound them both; what explanation except a supernatural one could there be for such a missive, invisibly delivered, and containing details of a private conversation which had taken place in a closed room? He hoped that the impact of this mystery might shatter, or at least weaken, the vast Godge assurance.

But at this stage he found that his fountain pen was dry, and he had no writing paper. The message which Frances found lying upon her desk next morning was therefore scrawled in deep vermilion paint with a number three sable brush on one of the squares of primed wallboard which Charles found cheaper to use than canvas. It might have been written in blood.

She was puzzled. She did not, however, ring the caretaker or the police or even tell Godge, but thoughtfully put the board away in a drawer and continued with the morning's work. At intervals she took it out again, looked at it, back, front and sideways, smelt it, held it up to the light, smeared the still wet paint with her finger. She was, Charles noticed with admiration, a self-reliant girl, one who brought her intelligence to bear upon a problem. But he was afraid that her reticence in not showing it to her superior would deprive him of the pleasure of watching how that pompous gentleman behaved when suddenly confronted with things not dreamed of in his egocentric philosophy.

A little before one o'clock, however, Godge came out of his office with the flabby vivacity of a middle-aged commuter at lunch-time,

and caught Frances literally red-handed, examining the blood-scrawled card for the tenth time.

"What on earth? . . ." he said.

So, as far as she could, she explained.

"You see the signature?" she asked, "Charles Harthill-Dugwater. That was the name of the people who used to live here. There was a Charles who was killed in a duel down by the Long Pond, two hundred years ago."

"I say!" said Godge, in almost indignant tones, "this red stuff's still wet!"

This seemed to prove something to him; he threw the board down contemptuously.

"It's astonishing," he said, "the lengths women will go to. We have a little argument about this tottering old ruin and you go to all this trouble! All this nonsense about duels. . . ."

"But Mr. Godge . . . you don't think I wrote this *myself*, do you?"

"I can't say I'm fond of practical jokes," he said, "particularly *silly* ones. And who else could have done it? Besides," he said, as if this were quite conclusive, "it's still wet!"

"But don't you see. . . ." But she could see it was useless. "Very well, Mr. Godge. But I can't obviously go on working for a man who's convinced I'm a very stupid liar. I shall ask to be transferred to other duties."

Mr. Godge shrugged his shoulders.

"More fool you," he said, and went out.

But in the few seconds it took him to reach and open the door, Charles, who was always quicksilver-witted when angry, had conceived and executed a daring if not commendable plan. Leaving his battery lamp shining on the floor of the priest's room, he opened the panel, slipped across the corridor, and lay in wait in the bathroom opposite.

The result was that when Mr. Godge turned into the panelled walk he was astonished to see on his left hand a pallidly illuminated rectangle like a candle-lit shop-front in a power-cut. The shop appeared to display empty beer bottles, a toy railway engine, and some touselled blankets. Frances, who had followed Godge, having thought of something else she wanted to say, now forgot what it was, and was herself brought up short by the unexpected sight. After a moment's inspection both of them with exclamations of incredulity and surprise, stepped into the priest's room to carry their examination farther. Which they had no sooner done, of course, than Charles emerged smartly from the bathroom, followed them in, shut the panel, stood with his back to it, and said, in the very best Lyceum tradition:

"Aha!"

Mr. Godge turned with a squeak of alarm. The glossiness vanished instantly from his cheeks. Charles Harthill-Dugwater, six feet and more of him, with brigand's moustache and baleful eye, carrying in his hand some foul foreign weapon, perhaps a kris or kukri, barred Godge's way out of the murky dungeon in which he had suddenly found himself. The lamp on the floor threw haggard and dramatic shadows over the artist's face.

Frances, for her part was considerably less perturbed. She recognized Mr. Brown and felt sure that a young man with his views on windmills could not be a homicidal maniac. Moreover she had once attended art classes and she knew that the peculiar weapon Charles had in his hand was a palette knife with a flexible spatulate blade, about as lethal as a feather duster. Charles had, in fact, chanced to have it in his hand at the beginning of the incident and hardly knew he still held it.

"I'm very glad you dropped in, Mr. Godge," said Charles, "I want to have a word with you."

"Who are you?" whispered Godge, barely audible, clinging to the far wall with the palms of his hands.

"It really doesn't matter who I am. The point is I've been writing letters to Miss Grange in civil-servant's blood. A few moments ago you were extremely rude to her on that account. I've never listened to

a more disgraceful exhibition of bad manners. I insist that you apologize."

"Well, of course," said Godge, his fascinated gaze still raptly fixed on the palette knife, "I never thought . . . I never dreamt. . . ."

"I think you'd better let him out, please," said Frances, really anxious. "He'll faint or something. Perhaps he's got a weak heart."

The man was nearly green.

"Oh Lord . . . let's have no coroner's inquests," said Charles, sliding back the panel. "Here, you—get out!"

Godge showed no signs of heart weakness then; he was through the hole in the wall like a greyhound out of its trap and they heard him panting off down the corridor.

"Oh, dear," said Charles, "I'm sorry, Miss Grange."

"I see now," murmured Frances, "this must be the Priest's Room. I wondered where it was. I've been reading about it. Mr. Brown, how did . . . But is your name Brown?"

"I'm afraid it isn't."

"Then it's Harthill-Dugwater."

"Yes."

"And you've come back?"

"Yes."

"Oh, do please tell me about it," she said earnestly. "Shut the door again or we'll have all the staff in. Can I sit on this crate of bottles? . . . Please tell me."

HE told her the whole story, concealing nothing.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know. Spying on you through knot-holes. But who wouldn't have done? And it wasn't unproductive in a way." He lifted his sketchbox from the floor, and opened the lid, which was slotted to take drawings. In the slots was a square of board, and upon it a sketch; he held the lamp for her, and she saw the likeness of a girl in a flowered frock, with spun-gold hair, sitting at a typewriter. It was a tender and glowing portrait.

"The only thing I ever did in semi-darkness squinting through a hole in the wall. How could I do you justice?"

"But it's lovely! And much too flattering!"

"If you'd like it, I'd like to give it to you."

"I'd love to have it."

"After all, it's only a small recompense, considering the way I've mucked up your future with the Paving Board."

"But there's no future there, anyway."

"All the same, that's what I've done . . . mucked up your future. It'd serve me right if you just thrust it at me, threw it into my hands and said: 'There. You spoilt it. Now it's your responsibility!'"

"Oh, but one doesn't throw futures about like that. . . . I wonder what you mean?"

(At this point they heard muffled noises from the corridor outside.)

"What I said," Charles told her, "amounts, in essence, to a Proposal of Marriage."

"Oh no! Not just after a talk about windmills and a lobster mayonnaise!"

"You forget," he said, "that I've had you under close observation for some time."

("Open up there!" shouted a voice from the passage, and fists began banging on the outside of the panel.)

"But my dear Mr. Harthill-Dugwater . . ."

"Leave that 'my dear'," he said, "and for the rest substitute Charles or Frederick or Leamington or Randolph or Meredith, according to taste . . . they're all mine."

("Come on out o' that, now!" another voice shouted. It belonged to the Slate & Paving Board's second gardener. A third voice, half a tone lower, added, "In the Name of the Law!")

"Well, my dear Charles, then," said Frances Grange, "I think it would be better if we went back to windmills. Just now, at any rate."

(Mr. Godge's voice, unnaturally shrill, was now heard from without: "He's got that girl in there—*do* something!" "A secret spring, thass what," said someone else, "try them knobs!" But after a few seconds fumbling the same (Continued on page 60)

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voice said, "Darn this for a lark! Ted, git old Jack's crowbar!" Mr. Godge appeared to have returned with a rescue party of at least six strong.)

"Futures, after all," explained Frances, "are things that need mature consideration."

"I do so agree," said Charles. "Frances, will you come down and lunch with me at the Red Lion again to-day? And we can consider as maturely as ever you like."

"If we're not in jail," she said. "Yes, I'd love to."

"Break it down!" screamed Godge, "I tell you the man's a maniac! Break it down!"

"I suppose we'd better give ourselves up," said Charles. "It's a very tame ending, all the same. I could manage a loud string of foreign oaths; how about you? Could you scream, d'you think, so as not to disappoint our public outside?"

"Oh, dear," she said, "I don't think I can. Not in cold blood. Not without any reason. . . ."

He took her quite gently but quite firmly in his arms and kissed her quite gently but quite firmly on the lips.

"Now," he said, "scream."

Lilith (Continued from page 31)

proportion to the rest of the figure which was naked but for the rough suggestion of a loin-cloth. The woman turned her head and smiled her thanks as I placed the little figure beside her, and I remember being struck by the rare restraint with which her mouth, too large for true beauty, was made-up. Instead of the scarlet gash one is so accustomed to nowadays, her lips were softly pink, like those of a child.

"Thank you," she said in a deep, soft voice with a slight American accent. "If I'd lost him my luck would have been lost too, I guess."

"Does he really bring you luck?" I asked.

"He most certainly does," she replied.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs et mesdames."

"The woman took the little figure in her left hand, paused for a moment, then placed a pile of chips on number seventeen. I watched with interest as the croupier spun the wheel and the ball danced and hopped and finally came to rest.

"Numero dix-sept, rouge, impair, manque."

"Impassively the croupier pushed a pile of chips across the table, and still clasping the mascot the woman again placed her stakes. Three times she won and the pile of chips at her side grew to a considerable size. The fourth time she withheld her stake, and as she watched the play the thumb of her left hand gently rubbed the smooth ivory surface of the little mascot.

"I noticed that a man sitting opposite to her had been watching her across the table. I didn't like the look of him. He had a slack, vicious face and he seemed unable to keep his eyes off her. He spotted her luck, and as the croupier gave the signal for play to be resumed and she placed a pile of chips on number thirty, he did the same, the croupier spun the wheel. In the hush round the table the click of the dancing ball sounded loud.

"Numero trente, noir, pair, passe."

"The woman gathered up her winnings, stuffed them into her handbag and rose from the table. I pulled the chair out for her. As she walked away, I saw the man on the opposite side of the table hastily pocket his chips and follow her. He caught her up just as she reached the door and spoke to her. She stopped, turned her head and said something in reply. I wasn't near enough, of course, to hear what she said, but the stiffening of her body and the scorn and dignity expressed by her whole bearing told me that, with the one or two words she had spoken, she must have dealt very effectively with the man's unwelcome advances. The back of his neck turned an ugly red and he dropped back hastily. The woman walked on as if nothing had happened. Gracefully and quite un-hurriedly she went through the door and out of my sight.

"At that moment Garside and his wife

Hide And Sneak

She sighed and brushed a curl off her forehead.

"I don't think I can have been properly brought up. I don't want to."

"Nahven!" yelled the second gardener in the passage, "Altugevver! One, Two, Free!" Five men averaging twelve and a half stone in weight threw their shoulders at the panel. It was too much. There was a slight noise of rending and the whole square of wall collapsed. . . .)

The fierce-eyed rescue party were about to storm the gap, but they did not. As the oak fell away before them, Miss Frances Grange and Mr. Charles Harthill-Dugwater were discovered, sitting very closely together on one small beer crate. Neither of them was, at that moment, able to say anything and they did not appear in the least anxious to put themselves in a position which would enable them to say anything.

"Well, stone the crows!" said the second gardener. "Nobody's gonna call me a Peeping Tom!"

And he went back to his antirrhinums.

END

joined me and we walked out on to the terrace for a breath of fresh air before returning home.

"That was the lady of the yacht you were talking to," said Garside. 'Stunning looking woman, isn't she?'

"She looked so young to have white hair," said Freda. Then, woman-like, she added: 'that dress must have cost the earth. I wonder where she got it? Paris, probably.'

"Did you see her pulverize that nasty piece of work who followed her out? I'd give a lot to know exactly what she said to him," Garside remarked. 'It must have been pretty lethal to have had such a quick effect on a man of that type; and she said it with perfect dignity, too.'

"I wish I had been able to get a close-up of her," said Freda. 'I've never seen anyone quite like her.'

"No doubt she'll be here again to-morrow night, darling," said her husband, 'then you can hide behind one of the potted palms and stare to your heart's content.'

"But the next morning, as I came on to the verandah for breakfast, I saw the yacht sailing out of the bay, her wake sparkling white against the deep blue of the sea, and the Stars and Stripes waving farewell at her stern.

"Freda was disappointed, and so, to tell the truth, was I. I felt as if a rare masterpiece had been removed from my sight before I had had enough time in which to admire it."

Benfold stopped speaking and puffed abstractedly at his cigar.

"But that's not the end of the story?" I prompted.

"No. Curiously enough, it isn't," he answered. "Three weeks ago I was, as you know, in New York. The day before I sailed for home my business was concluded, and except for a dinner engagement that evening I had nothing particular to do all day and I decided to wander about the streets at my leisure. I hadn't gone far when I saw, tucked away between an expensive looking jewellers and an equally expensive looking hat shop, a window in which was displayed a portrait in a gilt frame, and beside it a placard on a small gilt easel which announced: 'Exhibition of Contemporary American Portraiture. First floor.' Beside the window there was a door. I pushed it open. Inside there was a narrow passage and, facing me, a flight of stairs. I mounted the stairs and found myself in a large room on the walls of which the portraits were hung. The only person in the room besides myself was a girl who sat just inside the door. In front of her was a table on which there was a register and a small pile of catalogues. She was reading a novel, and as I entered she glanced up with a (Continued on page 62)

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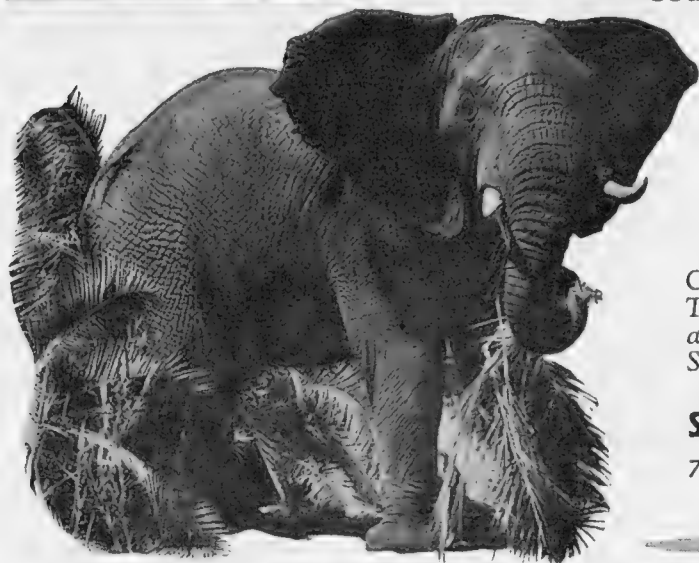
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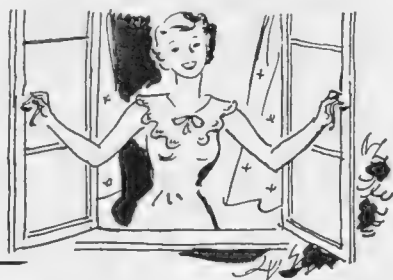


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smile, handed me a catalogue and returned to her book. I wandered slowly along the left-hand wall of the gallery. Some of the portraits seemed to me to be very good; others were . . . well . . . very modern. They may have been masterpieces. I don't know. I only know they didn't look like it to me. I had got about halfway round the room when suddenly—I saw her! There she was, the lady of the yacht, just as I had seen her that night in Monte Carlo. The artist had caught the warm creaminess of her skin to perfection. The soft, dark eyes gazed out of the canvas with the same touch of sadness, and the small head, with its cap of shining white curls, had the same proud lift as on that night thirteen years ago. Now, perhaps, I should know who she was. The portrait was number thirty and was marked 'sold.' I opened my catalogue and ran my eye down the second page. There it was, 'No. 30, "Lilith" by Frederic G. Corbreck.' (Corbreck, as you may or may not know, is one of America's leading portrait painters. His work commands pretty high prices over there.) 'Lilith,' I repeated to myself. 'Lilith.' The mysterious, legendary name suited her. But I still knew nothing about her.

"I gazed at the portrait feeling faintly frustrated. Suddenly I realized the significance of that little ticket on which was printed the word 'sold.' Then and there I made up my mind. I had the whole day in front of me. I would call on the owner of the portrait and satisfy my curiosity once and for all.

"Catalogue in hand, I went to the table by the door. The girl looked up from her novel. 'Could you tell me who has bought the Corbreck portrait—number thirty?' I asked.

"Sure," she replied and opening the register she ran her eye down the entries. 'Number thirty,' she read. "'Lilith," by Frederic G. Corbreck. Bought by Mr. Josiah D. Piper.'

"Could you give me his address?"

"Sure. I'll write it down for you."

"She wrote the name and address on a slip of paper and handed it to me. The address conveyed nothing to me. I made my way down to the street and hailed a taxi.

"I want to go to this address," I said to the driver, showing him the slip of paper. 'Is it far?'

"He rolled the gum he was chewing to the side of his mouth and answered: 'Get you there in quarter of an hour.'

"O.K.," I said, lapsing, in spite of myself, into the idiom of the country, and climbed into the taxi.

"As the taxi slid dexterously through the traffic I wondered idly what sort of man this Mr. Josiah D. Piper would turn out to be. A wealthy business man, perhaps, anxious to possess a Corbreck? Or, maybe, Lilith's father or brother who had commissioned the portrait? Well, I should soon know. I glanced out of the window. We seemed to be leaving behind the tall buildings and wide thoroughfares of the Manhattan I knew. Here the streets were narrower, the buildings shabbier. The evidences of wealth and luxury had disappeared. The women passing along the pavements were neatly but not expensively dressed. The men's clothes had a touch of flashiness, their shoulders a little too widely padded, their shoes too pointed. Perhaps the owner of the portrait was an art dealer in a less exclusive locality than that from which I had come.

"The taxi sped on and I continued to stare out of the window. There was a definite air of squalor, now, about the streets. I caught glimpses of Asiatic faces, Negro faces, faces black, brown or yellow as we flashed past. I was just beginning to wonder if the driver had not mistaken the address when the taxi swerved round a corner, passed a large, new looking building and stopped before a tall block of flats.

"Is this the place?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Yeah. This is 110th Street."

"I got out of the taxi, paid the driver and walked up the steps to the front door. There I paused and consulted the slip of paper. 'Flat No. 3.' I pushed open the swing door and found myself in a small, dark hall with a door on each side and a flight of stairs at

Lilith

the back. The door on my right bore the number 1 in white paint and the word, half obliterated by time, Super.; that on my left was No. 2 and beyond it, clamped to the wall, was a row of letterboxes. I peered at these in the gloom. Yes, No. 3 bore the name Josiah D. Piper. I climbed the stairs to the first landing and pressed the bell outside the door of No. 3. I waited, hearing no sound. Then the door opened slowly. An old Negro stood there his dark old eyes gazing inquiringly at me.

"Is Mr. Josiah Piper in?" I asked.

"He looked at me for a long moment without replying then stepped aside, saying: 'Please come in, sah.'

"He shut the door quietly behind me as I walked past him, then shuffled ahead of me into a small, poorly furnished room. I looked round me. The room was spotlessly clean; the linoleum on the floor had been polished till it glistened and the cotton table cloth, resplendent in orange and blue squares, was freshly laundered.

"Please to sit down, sah," said the old man and looked at me inquiringly.

"I wanted to see Mr. Piper," I said. 'Is he in?'

"Josiah Piper, sah," he replied and bowed slightly as he spoke.

"I was dumbfounded. So this was Josiah D. Piper! It was so unexpected that I hardly knew how to proceed.

"Er . . . I understand you bought a portrait called "Lilith" by Corbreck," I said.

"Yes, sah. I done bought it."

"I wonder if you could tell me who is the subject of the portrait?" I asked.

"Dat's my gran'chile, Lily," the old Negro said with a note of pride in his voice. 'Ain't she lovely, sah? And it's jes' like her, jes' like her.'

"For a long minute I said nothing. So that was what had puzzled me when I first saw Lilith. That was why I felt that I recognized her, or rather something about her, that eluded me. Negro blood. Those high cheekbones and wide mouth; those great, dark eyes with their short, up-curling lashes.

"Look, sah." The old man took a shabby wallet from an inside pocket and extracted a piece of pasteboard which he handed to me. 'That's Lily when she was seven years old; befo' her hair done gone white.'

"I took the photograph. It was Lilith, all right, but the curly hair crowning her small head was jet black.

"Dat's de chile of my daughter, Louisa, and a no-good white man," continued the old Negro. He shook his head. 'My Louisa, she was very young and dat man he took advantage of her.' His voice rose in anger. 'My son, Denver, dey lynched him fo' goin' with a white woman. She was bad—bad. She led him on till he was half crazy an' didn't know what he was doin'. But dey lynched him fo' it. Did dey lynch dat white man fo' what he done to my Louisa? No, sah, dey did not!' The quavering old voice dropped to a murmur of sorrow. 'Lily was only eight years old and she saw the lynchin'. She didn't come home all dat day. She jes' wandered around, I guess. Didn't know where she was nor what she was doin'. A neighbour found her an' brought her home that night. She couldn't speak; she didn't even cry. By the end of the month her hair was as white as de cotton in de cotton fields. My poor Lily.' He sighed. 'She's a clever girl, sah,' he continued. 'She done very well at school. When she was seventeen she left home, way down in Alabama, to go an' work in de big city. When she left I gave her a lil' ivory figure dat's been in ma' family longer than I knows an' I said to her: "Lily," I said, "never lose it. It will bring you luck fo' sure. Now, listen to me, Lily," I said. "Whatever work you do, my gal, see you do it well so's you kin hold up your head high; then you'll be worth all de money dey pays you." An' do you know what she said when she kissed me good-bye, sah? She said: "Fo' de work I'm gwine do, gramp, dey'll pay me all right. A dollar fo' every hair on uncle Denver's head, a dollar fo' every grey hair on your head, (Continued on page 65)

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gramp, an' another fo' every white hair on mine!" Then she laffed a queer laff like I didn't like to hear from my gentle Lily. She said: "Yes, dey'll pay me all right—and like it." But I reckon she didn't mean nothin' by that. But she was right. Dey done paid her well fo' de nursin' she's done. She's rich now, is Lily. She's done bought dat big buildin' at de end of de street fo' an orphanage fo' coloured chillun, an' she's gwine build a Home fo' old coloured folks, too. Yes, she's travelled 'most all over Europe, nursin' de sick."

"Nursing the sick?" I queried, puzzled.

"Yes, sah. She went to France with Mr. Corbreck. He's got a crippled foot. That was when she was only twenty. She was with him fo' nearly six years. She travelled to Italy an' Spain an' 'most all over France lookin' after him. Then she was nursin' a French gentleman. She didn't say what was wrong with him, but he took her everywhere he went and she was with him a long time so he must have been mighty sick, I guess. Now she's nursin' an English gentleman livin' in Paris. She ain't never been home but she always writes to her old gramp,

Out Of This World (Continued from page 12)

Mark's eyes were misty with the beauty that he had seen, heard and felt.

GEORGE pressed a button and the curtain began its slow descent. A storm of applause broke out, drowning the orchestra's final, lingering chord. George watched the audience intently; eight times he sent the curtain up and down before he relaxed.

"They were good for four, but I got eight out of them," he said to Mark with a friendly satisfied grin.

Mark realized that there must be a right and a wrong way with curtains as with everything else.

"What's the secret?" he grinned back.

"Applause is like bath-water when the plug's pulled up. It's running out on you all the time," George said. "You can splash up your bath water by hooshin' your hand first one way and then the other, and you can splash up your applause by hooshin' your curtain down when they're on a *crescendo*, and up when they're slackening. You gotta watch and listen."

"I tellink you George ees artist." Sergé came up and patted his assistant's back.

Mark turned to Sergé. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your *Scheherazade*. You and Madame Petrovna were magnificent," he said.

"I'm glad vè tek you viz us into our dream," Sergé replied gravely.

"But now we're back in this world," Mark smiled, "I've come to see a Mrs. Lentaigine on business. Where can I—"

Sergé laid his finger on his nose and looked round quickly.

"Sh!" he said. "You 'ave sopper viz us after zee show and tell 'er zen. I not want 'er opset. She moost dance again to-night. Pat Lentaigine vas 'er 'osband for few weeks only. Zen 'e die and 'is mozzier she tek all monies. She vas a mean voman. To save monies she doesn't keeps a dog; she barks at burglars 'erself, zee bitch."

TOWARDS midnight Mark found himself having a buffet supper with a score of the leading members of Vladimiroff's company in somebody's flat. Blinis, chicken salad, glasses of Russian tea and vodka were circulating. The limited space made for intimacy; people squashed into sofas with plates on their laps and glasses at their feet, or ate off the mantelpiece, or sat in back-to-back groups on the floor and were stepped over. After travelling all day and working under pressure all evening, the ballet were tired and ravenous, and at first the clink of forks were accompanied only by murmurs. But gradually beneath an increasing haze of cigarette smoke, the talk grew loud and cheerful. Sergé elbowed his way up with glasses of vodka, bundled three girls off a sofa, and

Lilith

and she puts so much money in de Bank fo' me I can't never spend it all. She done wrote me she'd seen Mr. Corbreck again not two months back an' he was sendin' a po'trait he painted of her to de exhibition on Fifth Avenue. She sent me a note signed by Mr. Corbreck himself so's I could go in to see de po'trait befo' de exhibition was open to de public. I'm an old man, sah, an' if Lily don't come home soon I shan't never see her again, most like. So I done bought dat po'trait an' I shall always have her with me now."

BENFOLD stubbed out his cigar in the ashtray and beckoned to a passing waiter. "So she was coloured," I mused. Then: "You didn't tell the old man that you had seen her in France?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "I thought that what I could tell him of her might shatter his illusions. She has certainly made the white man pay, but I wouldn't say that they were getting the worst of the bargain, all the same."

END

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"And then you have your reward—the audience's applause," Mark said.

"Applause 'e bring you back to zees world," Sergé said. "Ees like red carpets and champagne cocktails for you diplomats after you been negotiatink delicately like cats on 'ot cakes. Ees nice, bot ees nothings to do viz beink 'appy."

Sergé's words sent Mark's thoughts back over his day. It struck him that his report had been good, that his speech to the Rotarians had contributed something to Anglo-American goodwill, that he had sent the British captain away in a reasonable mood, and that while he was doing these jobs, he had been absorbed—happy! It was only when he had time to think that he began to worry, to wonder if he could have done better, to feel his fatigue, to become disgruntled.

"You know," he said, "that's an extremely encouraging argument of yours. You've made me believe that every now and again I'm an extraordinary, even an exciting sort of person, leading a richly rewarding life." (It must be the vodka, he thought. I could never say that sober!)

"Good!" Sergé (Concluded on page 72)



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Harvest Time *(Continued from page 28)*

It provides the last link in a chain, forged in the "Merrie England" of Chaucer's time, binding Church and Land together. It is the highlight of the farming calendar; the swan-song to a twelve months' work to which God has been asked to give his blessing through various ceremonies performed by the parsons.

The advent of mechanical farming unhappily caused many of these ceremonies to become sadly neglected in the last few decades. In many dioceses, however, they are now being revived and the once-important chain thereby forged anew.

Let us turn back then to the autumn of 1950 when the last harvest had been safely gathered in and see what has taken place in those parishes where the old traditions have been either maintained or revived. For it was then that the calendar now ending really began.

Having eaten their Michaelmas geese in memory of the time when gifts of geese had to be made to all lords of the manors by way of rent, the farmers settled their debts, made new contracts with their landlords, and engaged their labourers for the ensuing year. Though in most instances the same employees were no doubt simply re-engaged on the spot, in one or two parts—at Ulverston in Lancashire, for instance—this last business was attended to through the medium of the traditional "hiring fairs" where, according to long custom, all farmhands seeking employment offer themselves for hire in the market square, each displaying some emblem of his calling, such as a tuft of wool if he be a shepherd, or a whip if a carter.

These essential preliminaries complete, the ploughs were then brought out and the fields broken afresh. And the new programme began. Whereupon life just drifted on for the next few weeks much as it had done before. With the turn of the year, however, the country folk remembered the old rites.

IN some of the more remote hamlets all who earned their living on the land greeted this year of 1951 by wandering into the fields to drink toasts to the beasts and crops and then returned to their cottages in the hour of Trinity to feast upon "God's Cakes," a kind of triangular mincepie. While in parts of the apple-growing districts of the Welsh Border and of Devon and Somerset they "wassailed" the fruit trees by firing guns through the branches and pouring cider over the roots in order to bring them luck.

Then, on the first Sunday after Epiphany, before the soil had yet been broken, came the first of the religious festivals when the farmers brought their ploughs into their local church to be blessed.

The next link, in the old days, was May Day when villagers everywhere would bid farewell to winter and welcome in the summer by dancing round the maypole. In few villages is May now greeted with such ceremony. The next event of significance was Rogation.

THE plough, as the main implement of the farm, having been blessed, it was natural to ask for a similar blessing to be bestowed upon the fields themselves. And so, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, the parson of many a country parish went out to conduct a series of simple services at which every thing of nature, be it corn or fruit tree, field or stream, beast or bird, received protection.

At the same time the opportunity may have been taken in some villages to "beat the bounds." Before maps were known and it was by no means uncommon for one parish to try to steal land from another, it was always customary for a party of boys to accompany the Rogation "perambulations" so that they could be hurled into streams, pushed through thorn bushes and submitted to various other bodily discomforts such as would be likely to impress the boundary marks upon their minds.

Thus far the farmer had asked and the Church had given. Now the position was to be reversed. Hitherto the Church, as it were, had come into the fields: now, in the ceremony of Lammas, the fields were to enter the Church.

By mid-summer the early corn had ripened, and on August 1 the countryman showed his thankfulness by making the old Saxon "loaf mass" offering to his church of the first loaves to be baked from the first ears of that corn. Yet this was not his real offering. Rather was it his way of acknowledging his continued dependence upon God and his desire to show this, no matter what the harvest might bring. However poorly the ears might be filled, it has been traditional from Saxon times to give these first fruits in return for the blessings already sought. Thus, Lammas is really the dividing line between the Asking and the Giving; the stepping stone between Rogation and Harvest Festival.

Anxious moments still lay ahead. All through the long months since Michaelmas the countryman's every thought, and most of his actions, have been directed towards the one goal—a bountiful harvest.

NOW in September his cares at last are ended. In many a farmhouse, before the month is out, all who have ploughed and sown and reaped will be celebrating the end of their toils in their traditional "mel suppers" as their forebears have done for a thousand years and more. The beef—"good old English"—may not be so plentiful as in the past, nor the ale so strong, but at least there will be many a rollicking tune:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
We've ploughed, we've sown,
We've reaped, we've mown,
Harvest home! Harvest home.

Now indeed is the real thanksgiving—the time when the fields enter the church more plentifully and sheaves of corn, baskets of fruit, loaves of bread and flowers may adorn the aisle and the pulpit, the altar and the chancel as the last page of the long calendar.

END



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Well, very, very few! . . .

. . . And please don't think it's just long-suffering British women who have to go without Braemars. Lots *do* have to—but so do American women. Yes, really! Although more Braemars are being made than ever before, and thousands and thousands are sent to U.S.A., still only about 20% of the vast number of American women who want Braemars can get them! There just aren't enough to go round. It's sad, when they're such exquisite woollies—so out of this world for sheer workmanship . . . hand-finished . . . fashion-faultless . . . in every heavenly colour you can think of. Well, it's still worth asking for them, even if you're lucky only once in a hundred times.



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Britannia & Eve for September, 1951



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Witching For Water

(Continued from page 25)

diviner, followed by the police, came to a gardener's house which he said the murderers must have entered, and three children playing near the house declared they had seen three men enter the house one Sunday morning. Aymer continued to follow the track up the river pointing out all the places where the men had landed. Finally he stopped outside the prison door at Beaucaire. There the sleuths were admitted, and Aymer picked out a little hunchback just jailed for a petty theft as being one of the murderers. This man soon confessed. The diviner, however, was not satisfied—still guided by his rod, he pursued the other culprits to the coast and even followed them to sea, landing at each port where they landed. The task was only abandoned when the men travelled over the borders into a foreign country.

But the surviving use for the divining rod in our generation is to indicate mineral deposits and hidden springs. Pryce in his *Mineralogia* relates that many Cornish mines (now proving so useful in these days of metal shortage), were originally found by diviners. He points out a little sceptically, however, that Cornwall "is plentifully stored with tin and copper lodes." The very sensitivity of the diviner's rod seems to have been to its disadvantage, for a grain of metal attracted the rod as greatly as a pound, and it "dipped" as strongly for a poor as a rich lode.

I FIRST became interested in diviners when I bought an arid piece of land in Africa. In a long drought the only water hole ran dry—the cattle had to be driven five miles to water each day, and my bath and drinking water carried in calabashes on the heads of native "maids" over the same distance. In desperation I called in a diviner, who, after drinking a whole bottle of "fire-water," not only correctly indicated to me the exact course of an underground stream with unlimited supplies of fresh water, but also told me the depth to within a few feet.

There is a good deal more to the cutting of a diviner's twig than just slashing it off with a knife or hedging hook. St. John's Night is certainly the most favourable time to take a twig according to folklore. Many of the diviners I have met in the northern counties cut the twigs in the winter, allow them to mature and bring them along to the scene of operations. But the south and west-country "dowser" prefers to cut his twig freshly and as near as possible to the place where he is to work. In Wiltshire the diviner cuts his "magic rod" when he considers the stars are favourable, and when doing it he faces east so that the rod shall catch the first rays of the morning sun. Joe Trelavney, at one time a well known Cornish diviner, advised that both the east and west sun must shine through the fork of the rod or it was "good for nothin'" and that it must be cut with three slashes of a new knife. In nearly all counties hazel is the most popular wood—one that has been closely associated for generations with fairy wands and all things supple and savouring of magic. Hence perhaps the word *wych* or *witch-hazel*—both these words are from the Anglo-Saxon *wic-en*, to bend. In German the witch-hazel is called *zauber-strench* or magic tree, the possession of a twig of which in more superstitious times was supposed to give the owner "power over all the world." But other woods will also serve the diviner's purpose—willow, ash twigs, or the branch of an apple tree cut by the seventh son of the seventh son, one finds in common use. Elder seems the only wood that is "taboo," as it is deemed incapable of exhibiting any magic powers. Folklore is in fact full of curious facts about divining rods in many countries. In China a twig from the magic peach tree is most popular. In southern Germany diviners only cut twigs before sunrise on Good Friday, and when harvest comes they are placed in crosses over the stacked grain to preserve it in good condition. The diviner on the Continent not only boasts that he can find water and minerals, but that his twig is capable of drawing the fever from a sick child. Such a rod, however, has to be obtained by silently approaching a hazel backwards. If a hazel rod placed in water squeals like a pig it is capable of finding treasure.

IT is not easy to describe the exact way to hold a divining twig, for dowsers use various grips. The most common twig is not unlike a slender catapult in shape, and the branches of the Y are held in each hand, usually with the palms upwards. Pressure applied with the thumbs will bring the twig into a state of equilibrium bordering on instability, so that a very little change of muscular tension produces a very big movement in the stem of the twig. The diviner walks very slowly over the ground in search of the water or precious metal, holding the rod firmly till it starts to dip or point downwards towards the find. So great is the twig's movement at times that a man's hands will turn blue in an effort to hold it, and in some cases the twig actually breaks. When operating, a diviner never wears rubber or hob-nailed boots. Putting magic aside, dowsers believe that the dipping of the rod is outside their control and is caused by the subterranean running water or the effects of minerals. Old diviners have often told me that the "smell" of water will influence a hazel twig. Certainly water has a strong smell—gypsies, who have a strong sense of smell, can find a stream to camp by, simply by putting their noses in the air and sniffing; they are also able to smell rain a long time before it actually falls.

In England the water diviner's task is a comparatively easy one compared to drought-stricken countries such as Africa, but even to-day there are villages in Norfolk and Suffolk where there is no piped supply of water, and the water cart is still to be seen in many parts of England. In these districts (Continued on page 70)



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Witching For Water

the diviner is held in considerable awe, and there is no doubt that many pseudo dowzers take advantage and profit by the age-old belief in the true diviner's skill. I met a man not long ago who boasted he could find water by suspending his watch and chain over an ordnance map! I was invited to attend an evening demonstration, and when I arrived at his cottage I was surprised to find that the "diviner" had a number of "followers" who believed in his powers implicitly. The map was laid out on the floor, and the one candle lighting the room threw queer geometrical shadows and patterns over the map as the watch swung round on its chain, slowed up, and finally came to a stop where water was indicated. At this moment one could have heard a pin drop. It was a mysterious scene and as well staged as a West End seance—necromancy in an English cottage. But what can one believe even about this when one reads that many of the rich Texan oil wells were divined by almost the same seemingly ludicrous technique?

A WRITER in *The Times* some time ago wrote how he deliberately set out to foil the twig even "if an ocean rolled under his feet," but in spite of this it twisted violently over a concealed spring. I must confess that when I have tried my hand at divining the twig would not "work" for me. Only on one occasion on a hot summer's afternoon in a Worcestershire orchard I felt of a sudden my blood run strong, my pulse raced, the twig jerked and quivered—as if I held a live thing in my hand. It seemed as if the hazel twig joined me to the earth with a gravity the like of which I'd never felt before. And then an aeroplane roared low overhead, and the spell, if it was that, was shattered—Aaron's rod became just a piece of wood again. I did not know at the time that "silence" is a big factor in the art of divining—even talking or the bark of a dog may upset things.

It is only natural that water diviners operating over country where there is an abundance of water or mineral deposits meet with the greatest success, but even when a dowser fails to find what is wanted of him, he may be a very useful man. Old dowzers know better than anyone else the sites of the old wells where springs at one time gushed, and the average depth of local water—though self-taught botanists, they know too about the vegetation that indicates water.

One cannot deny that from the very earliest times, when Moses found water with his rod in the desert, there has been the power of magic in the diviner and his twig, but we must not forget that there is a deal of magic in this countryside of ours even now—magic when the sun in the east turns a stand of hazels to silver and the setting sun changes it back to gold, yet one has to know where to divine and seek it. There is a witchery in sunshine and shadows, in keen and balmy winds, in the scent of damp and dry earth.

To feel it one must have a gift, and "something" that is not in everyone's grasp—a true and tender sympathy with all that breathes the life of the countryside . . . with the trees of the woods, the wind-swept herbage of the hills, the wild flowers that drink the dew in the valleys, and the green grasses that clothe Mother Earth and hide the treasures that lie in her bosom beneath.

END

Gallery Of Missing Men

(Continued from page 15)

police headaches is failure of short-term absentees to report their return. To publicise some of these private (and probably temporary) disappearances, one mass-circulation Sunday newspaper runs its own little gallery of missing persons. Each week it prints, under the heading "Missing from Home," names, descriptions and sometimes portraits of a few vanished people about whom their relatives are anxious. On a recent Sunday, for instance, details of two eighteen-year-old girls and a man in his twenties were disseminated to the vast readership of this Sabbath news-sheet.

Such disappearances, comparatively few and generally short-lived and free of sinister import, are an inevitable part of the life of a teeming country of fifty millions. But what of the masses of men, women and children who vanished in the Continent-wide upheaval of the second World War?

When peace came in 1945 Europe's liberated countries had the longest lists of missing people in history. And soon hordes of inquirers began seeking news of families separated, children snatched from parents, adults of a dozen nations shanghaied for forced labour and transported across the Continent. Facing the Allies then was a truly vast problem of identification and restoration.

To match up inquiries with the legions of the unidentified, languishing in camps, a body was set up under I.R.O. which, in 1947, became the International Tracing Service, with H.Q. at Arolsen in Germany. With a total staff of nearly 16,000, the I.T.S. handled and sorted nearly seventy tons of documents in its attempts to re-unite families and shorten the formidable rosters of the missing. Before its winding-up in 1950 this organization was in touch with thirty-seven governments. But still there remain two tragic lists: that of the people whom nobody claims, and that of the men, women and children whom nobody can find.

So much for the disrupting effects of war on over-run and conquered populations—abnormal conditions that may produce a million missing people. Far different are the factors that make the few go missing in more normal times. Accident, loss of memory, domestic difficulties, business troubles, ideological beliefs, crime, or perhaps just plain boredom and the desire for a change; any of these could drive a man from his familiar haunts. But voluntary or involuntary, his disappearance has to be more than ordinarily thorough to place him permanently among the Company of Missing Men.

END

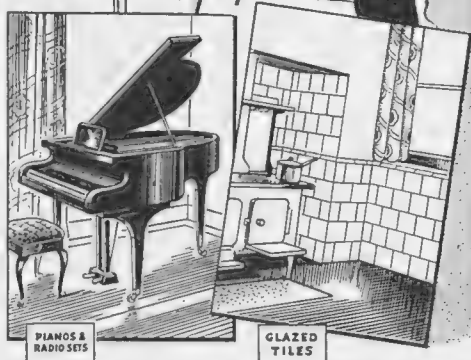
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Out Of This World

(Continued from page 65)

chuckled. "Now I give you chance to be 'appy again. I put you back in your job. I send you Morosova."

"Who on earth is she?"

"On stage, Morosova. On passport, Mrs. Lentaigne. You now 'ave beezeness talk viz 'er. Give 'er vodka, zen eef she veeps, she will not cry."

A moment later, Morosova was propelled down towards him; simultaneously Mark struggled to rise to his feet. They over-balanced, clutched to save themselves, and fell back on the sofa in each other's arms. Mark was acutely conscious of her warm body against his; he knew its hidden lovelinesses; for this was the girl who had shiveringly ordered him to come in or get out of the dressing-room. They disentangled as far as space allowed.

"I'm awfully sorry," Mark said in embarrassment.

Her answer was a wan smile. There was an air of discouragement about her, unexpected in so good looking and young a woman.

When Mark had explained his mission, she said quietly:

"Thank God! Now I've come into that money, I can leave the ballet for good."

"Leave the ballet!" Mark said, amazed. "Why! From what Sergé has been telling me—"

"Oh! Sergé and his theories about achieving your ideal self and submerging in the spirit of the universe! He's a great talker!" Morosova scorned.

"Some of it makes sense," Mark suggested.

"Of course it does, if you're doing what you're really good at. But supposing you're not! It's all right for Sergé and Luba. The highspots they strike make up for the routine, the bad tempers, the intrigues, the jealousies, the—oh! everything."

Mark thought for a moment.

"I expect you're too modest," he said. "You couldn't be a member of Vladimiroff's ballet unless you were a good dancer."

"Oh! I'm not bad," she laughed. "For years, Arnold Haskell described me as 'promising.' Now he calls me 'that experienced trouper.' That means I lead the *corps de ballet* in *Sylphides* and *Giselle*, and that if a soloist sprains her ankle I can be relied upon to take her place without rehearsal. Vladimiroff will be angry to lose me. I'm one of the most valuable people he's got."

"Why did you take up dancing?" Mark asked after a pause.

"It's a living."

"What do you think you'd be really good at?" Mark teased her gently. "What would give you Sergé's 'extraordinary moments' that make life worth while?"

"Running a home. Having babies," Morosova said.

"I hope you aren't bored," Alice Brinton smiled at me when Mark had finished. "He always tells that story in such unnecessary detail."

"I came. I liked what I saw. I conquered," Mark said negligently.

"Really, Mark!" Alice said. "There's no need to tell the world I hadn't a stitch on the first time you saw me."

But her tone conveyed no regrets.

END

To Gretna Green

(Continued from page 20)

the usual venue for couples desiring a clandestine union was the Fleet Prison—a strange and ill-omened place, one would think, as a gateway to married bliss. Here were always to be found plenty of seedy clerics, unfrocked or otherwise, it mattered little, who had had the misfortune to be imprisoned for debt, and who were ready enough to perform the wedding ceremony for anyone who wanted it, and, indeed, employed touts who almost dragged in likely couples in no need of the parson's services. The marriages were sometimes celebrated in the Fleet itself, but more often in some neighbouring inn whose licensee made a very good thing out of a flourishing "marrying-house." Some of the officiating clerics were not, and never had been, clergymen at all; others had fallen from grace, like the Reverend Alexander Keith, formerly incumbent of a Mayfair proprietary chapel, much resorted to for illegal marriages, who, having been committed to the Fleet Prison for contempt, wrote a pamphlet defending the practice. "Another inconvenience," the reverend gentleman argues, "which will arise from this Act (Lord Hardwicke's "Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages") will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford it!" And he goes on to say that many have come to be married at the Fleet with only half a crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer.

Lord Hardwicke's Bill was passed, against strong opposition, in 1754, and those seedy benefactors of humanity, the Fleet parsons, found themselves deprived at a blow of their main source of petty cash.

BUT it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Clandestine marriages had been abolished in England, but not in Scotland. And off accordingly went the matrimonial adventurers, good and bad alike, to get the knot tied by making the necessary asseveration before a witness at the first place they came to across the Border.

This place was the village of Gretna, an insignificant hamlet of which, probably, not one person in twenty thousand had ever heard before its sudden leap into notoriety. It is situated a little way from the then main road from Carlisle to the north, and was thus the first village on the Scottish side of the Border; and its position very quickly brought it both fame and fortune. The

(Continued on page 74)

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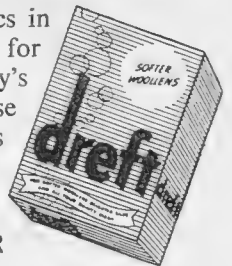
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principal officiating "priest" was the blacksmith, a tremendously fat man named Joseph Paisley, who on the approach of a post-chaise on the Carlisle road being announced by his scouts would lay aside hammer and leathern apron, clap on his head the "lum" hat deemed proper to his office, and proceed to join the eager pair in the bonds of matrimony, not forgetting to pocket the appropriate fee, which varied according to the evident station of the couple in question. Two guineas was the customary toll, but the blacksmith's attitude to the matter was not unlike that of the specialist in the story, who, being asked what he had operated on a wealthy patient for, replied: "Three hundred pounds." "Yes, yes," said the questioner, "but what had he got?" "I've told you," replied the doctor, "three hundred pounds!"

PROBABLY the most remarkable of all the Gretna Green elopements was that associated with the name of Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Wakefield, who came of solid farming stock in the Midlands, and whose family had produced more than one distinguished member, had been a turbulent, rebellious boy from his youth. He had not yet attained his twenty-first year when he contracted a runaway marriage with an heiress and ward in chancery named Eliza Susan Pattle, daughter of a Canton merchant. To elope with a ward in chancery was a serious matter; but apparently he got away with it, a fact which no doubt had its influence upon his later exploit. His wife died in 1820, six years after their marriage; and six years after her death Wakefield, perhaps finding himself in money difficulties, decided to repeat his former adventure.

The girl on whom his choice fell was a Miss Ellen Turner, daughter and heiress of a Cheshire merchant, of Pott Shrigley, in that county. At this time she was only fifteen years old, and was away at boarding school, where Wakefield presented himself with a story to the effect that her father was seriously ill in Scotland and had sent him to take his daughter to him. With astonishing credulousness the school authorities let the girl go, which says a good deal for Wakefield's plausibility. During the journey north he told his companion that the real truth was that her father was a fugitive from his creditors, of whom his (Wakefield's) uncle was the principal, and that the only way out for her father was for Miss Turner to marry him. She must have been an uncommonly gullible girl, even for fifteen. At any rate, marry him she did, at Gretna Hall; but, instead of taking her, as she had expected, to her father, Wakefield carried her off to Calais. Here he was run to earth by the infuriated parents, who carried the girl off to England. It must be mentioned in Wakefield's favour that his bride remained a bride in name only.

The Turner family were not content with the safe return of their daughter. Wakefield was arrested and in due course stood his trial for abduction, he and his younger brother, who had aided and abetted him in the offence, being sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

As for Edward Wakefield himself, the disaster which had befallen him did not, as one might have expected, make shipwreck of his life. Apparently he had time to think matters over in prison, for on his release he set himself to hew out a brilliant career in the sphere of colonial development, and few names are more respected in the annals of Australasian history than that of Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

THE story of the elopement of Miss Child, daughter and heiress of the great London banker of that name, with the Earl of Westmorland in 1806, reads like a cross between an eighteenth-century romance and a Wild West film scenario. The furious father pursued the couple with frenzied haste, and came up with them at last when they were changing horses at High Hesket, not many miles from the Border. The horses had just been put in when the banker drove up, and, jumping from his chaise, pistol in hand, shot Westmorland's leading horse dead. But the race was not yet over. The postboys, whose sympathies were, as usual, with the runaways, retaliated, by slitting the leathers on which Child's carriage hung, then, cutting their shot horse loose, they set off and finished the journey with the remaining three. Just what was the banker's objection to his new son-in-law is not mentioned. But he took the precaution of securing his daughter's fortune to her children, which suggests that the earl's financial reputation was not over good, and that the banker did not wish to see the Child fortune squandered at the faro tables.

In most cases it was from a stern parent or guardian that the would-be brides and bridegrooms of Gretna fled. But this was not always so.

The officiating "priest" of Springfield must have rubbed his eyes in amazement when, one day in 1820, a chaise pulled up at his door and deposited there, no dashing groom and blushing maiden, but a shrewd-looking old gentleman in his seventieth year, a buxom female and no less than four children of various ages and sexes. And he must have been more astonished still when he learned the identity of his clients, for the bridegroom was no less a person than Thomas, first Baron Erskine, and Lord Chancellor of England. He wanted to marry his cook, but so great was the storm of indignation which his intention called forth among his relations that he could not face up to it, and decided to elope with the lady. Alas! his married bliss did not last long, for he died three years later—not, let us hope, as a result of her bad cooking!

In 1856 Lord Brougham's Act brought Gretna's brief heyday to a virtual end, though "Scotch marriages" continued to be celebrated there for a time, and take place occasionally at the present time. But flowers bloom in strange and unexpected places; and it may be that among the broken lives for which Gretna was responsible, not a few were to be found who blessed the day when they defied family disapproval and parental rage, and—deeming the world well lost for love—took the northward road to Gretna Green.

END



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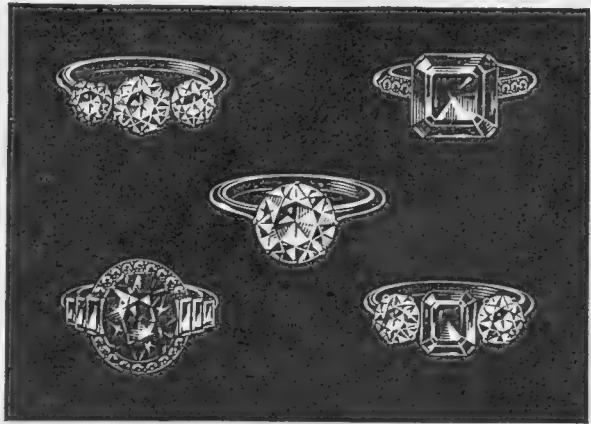
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"The Princess's Island"

(Continued from page 16)

around and blinks. Here the shopman looks surprised when you ask if chocolate is rationed. How many pounds of it would you like? A bottle of gin is about eighteen shillings and the local wine a shilling or two: the best American nylons cost under a pound. And, believe it or not—there are actually kidneys and bacon for breakfast.

THE great thing about Malta is that it is difficult not to be happy—even in the dark days it had that gaiety. For the sun shines, the wireless blares, the Maltese sing and shout: the canaries trill in their cages and there is no excuse for gloom in an island where the sunshine seems literally to permeate the rock.

Of course the Navy is the backbone of the social life which did not exist in wartime.

"I don't know whether it's really gay," said a naval officer, "or whether we induce it."

The pre-war "fishing fleet" is as diminished as the Mediterranean Fleet itself for nowadays most officers have brought their wives out with them. They live in flats with moderate rents and find themselves, with foreign allowances, well able to "manage"—for life is certainly no more expensive than in England.

"It's the water which costs so much," an indignant wife told me.

And, indeed, water which is pumped from artesian wells is the only rationed commodity. Homes have their water-meters—but these, one is told, can be blinkered by an ingenious use of magnets.

Naturally the social life of Malta has been affected by the presence of Princess Elizabeth when she joined Prince Philip there. Probably this was the last thing they wished, for Prince Philip, as commanding officer of the frigate *Magpie*, was intensely interested in making his ship the success that it was. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that in their hearts they would no doubt have preferred a quiet evening at the local cinema, the royal couple were often seen in Malta society.

As was to be expected their presence in the island created tremendous curiosity at first, but later, "they became a part of the scenery"—which is exactly what they wished, for it was Prince Philip's obvious desire to carry on as much as possible like any other naval officer. Like any other naval officer he lived ashore at Guardamanja Mansions in the outskirts of Valletta, like any other naval officer he took a hired "dgheisa" (ten shillings a week) back to his ship in the morning—and, on at least one occasion, was roundly abused by the boatman.

THE Navy are not often at a loss but they seemed to find it difficult to steer a middle course over Prince Philip. They tended to drop their voices, referring to him as "our Captain" or "Captain of the Maggers," whilst senior officers were directed to address him as "Prince Philip." But all agree he is an outstandingly good naval officer.

Old stagers found the comparison between Prince Philip, and his uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten intriguing, recalling the days when Lord Louis took some pains to make his destroyer the smartest on the station, and even wrote a book reducing polo to a matter of mechanics. Certainly there are great similarities of character, not least in Prince Philip's absorbing interest in the way things work, but one can say of Prince Philip's polo at least that he enjoys the humanity of an occasional air shot and making the appropriate nautical comment.

Both he and Princess Elizabeth were deservedly popular—and the influence that she, in particular, had upon the Maltese people who saw her charm and simplicity at close quarters, has been very great.

For never has Malta needed a sheet-anchor more. It is well-used to the social life of the Royal Navy. It has lived on it and the money the ratings spend ashore for generations.

Malta's future, indeed, has never been blacker—and everyone talks about it, quite brightly, but without a good deal of hope.

The whole economics of the island are encompassed in a view of it from the air—a yellow block of sandstone in the blue Mediterranean: small stone walls to enclose the precious soil in an island bald of vegetation: three crowded cities, which make Malta one of the most densely-populated regions in the world. It can be seen in one glance that the island has no hope of being self-supporting.

EMIGRATION is one of the answers, tourism is another. Few people in Malta believe in either—there is, at least, one first-class hotel but where is there to go outside? They talk of building a casino and plage—but will women come to an island where the two-piece bathing costume is forbidden? And then the fare from England is too high—even with a tourist rate for hotel and air travel, a couple must spend at least two hundred pounds, on a holiday. Yet Malta is so perfect—a better climate than the South of France, perfect bathing, crowded with history, a delightful atmosphere.

So one is left with the "left wing" representative of the island, Mr. Mintoff, the essence of whose solution appears to be that a Maltese should be as eligible as an Englishman for a free wig and that the island should send elected representatives to Westminster.

Whether in Mr. Mintoff's thinking the Maltese for whom income tax was first introduced two years ago would enjoy coming up to British rate I am not competent to say.

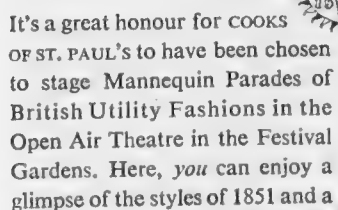
In 1943 during one of the last Stuka raids—one remembered going to shelter in the catacombs. And what a social function it was! There were gaily coloured dressing-gowns, cheerful old ladies, a tall young man with flashing eyes who sang opera, much giggling and conversation. It is all still there—the carozzas still clomp through the streets, time means little, a hundred bells boom out and, it comes upon one once again with renewed conviction, that Malta is one of the few places outside his own country which an Englishman can love.

END

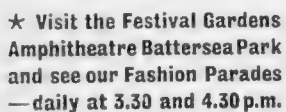
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A Sweater Or A Cardigan

(Continued from page 44)

THE SWEATER

21st row.—(K.) K. twice in first st. in A., k. 2 A., * 2 pl., 6 A. rep. from *, ending 4 A.
22nd row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
23rd row.—(K.) Wools as on needle.
24th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
25th row.—(K.) K. twice into first st. in A., 3 A., * 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending k. twice into last st. in A.
26th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
27th row.—(K.) 4 A., * 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending 6 A.
28th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
29th row.—(K.) K. twice into first st. in A., k. 2 A., * k. 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending k. twice into last st. in pl.
30th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
31st row.—(K.) 3 A., * 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending 1 A.
32nd row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
33rd row.—(K.) K. twice into first st. in A., k. 1 A., * 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending k. twice into last st. in A.
34th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
35th row.—(K.) 2 A., * 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending 4 A.
36th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
37th row.—(K.) K. twice into first st. in A., * k. 2 pl., k. 6 A.; rep. from *, ending k. twice into last st. in A.
38th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.
39th row.—(K.) K. 1 A., * k. 2 pl., 6 A.; rep. from *, ending k. 7 A.
40th row.—(P.) Wools as on needle.

These 40 rows form the patt., but the increases must be continued on every 4th row, so that 41st row is worked as follows, although it is a repetition of 1st row.

41st row.—K. twice into first st. in pl.; k. 1 pl., * k. 6 A., 2 pl.; rep. from *, ending k. twice into last st. in pl.

42nd row.—Wool as on needle.

Continue patt., and the increases until there are 126 sts. Work straight until there are 12 ins. from casting-on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 98 sts. Work straight until armholes are 5 ins. round curve. Work on half the sts. for 3 ins. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, leaving 17 sts. Cast off. Work other shoulder the same.

THE FRONT OF THE SWEATER

Work as back until armholes are 6 ins. round curve (instead of 5). Now work 40 sts. Cast off 18, work 40. Continue on these last sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 32 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every other row 4 times.

Work other shoulder the same.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. as for back.

Work as welt for 1 in.

Change to the patt. for 2 ins. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 48 sts. Cast off.

THE COLLAR (2 pieces alike)

Cast on in Angora with No. 11 needles and 50 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 8 rows.

K. 2 tog. at one edge of work only on every row for 16 rows (34 sts.). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Pick up 20 sts. down left side of back opening with No. 11 needles. Work in 4-ply all k. for 4 rows. Cast off.

Do the same to other side, but make buttonholes by knitting 2 tog., w.f.d. in 3 places; the top one 2 sts. from edge. Crochet round neck edge. Sew in neck rib by sewing straight edge of work along back of neck and casting on edge to form edge of neck, and shaped edge sewn round front curve of neck.

END

(Continued from page 44)

THE CARDIGAN

edge on the next 11 rows (12 sts.); rep. from * until shaped edges of border match shaped edges on both fronts and back of neck. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and m., cast on 84 sts. and work in rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, inc. at each end of every 6th row 15 times (114 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top of sleeve by dec. at each end of every alternate row until sts. are reduced to 66. Now dec. at each end of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

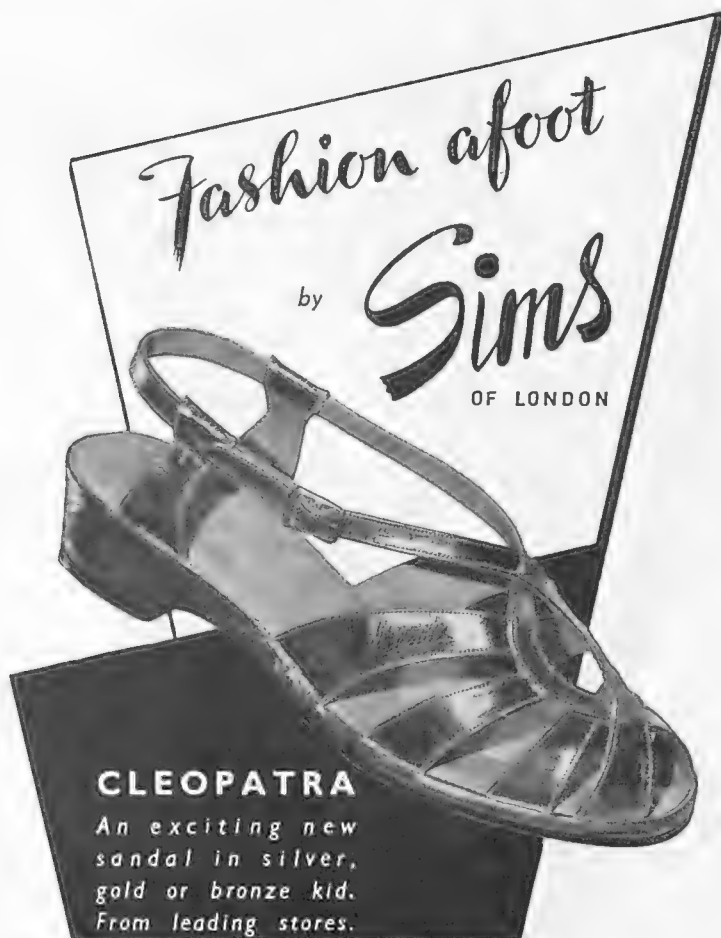
THE POCKETS (Both alike)

Using No. 10 needles and m., cast on 40 sts. and work in rib for 3½ ins. Cast off. Now using No. 13 needles and c., cast on 6 sts. and * work in garter st., inc. at one edge on the next 6 rows. Now dec. at the same edge on the next 6 rows; rep. from * until straight edge measures same as cast-off edge of pockets.

MAKING UP

Join seams and insert sleeves. Oversew border, shaped edge to shaped edge, down front edges and back of neck. Sew pockets on each side, stitching bottom of pocket to cast-on edge of cardigan. Oversew borders to tops of pockets. Press lightly.

END



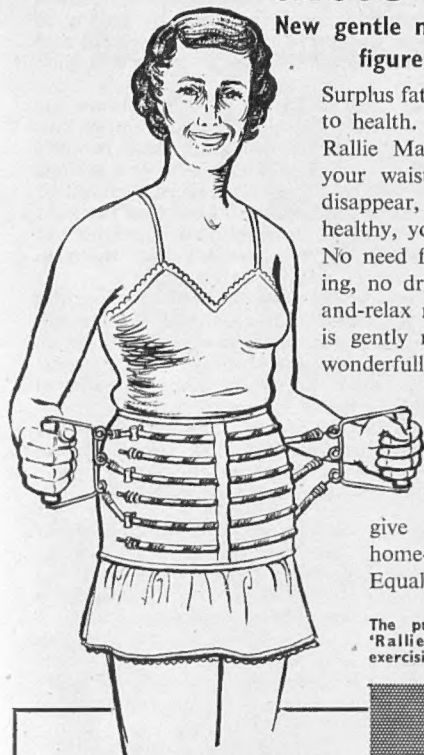
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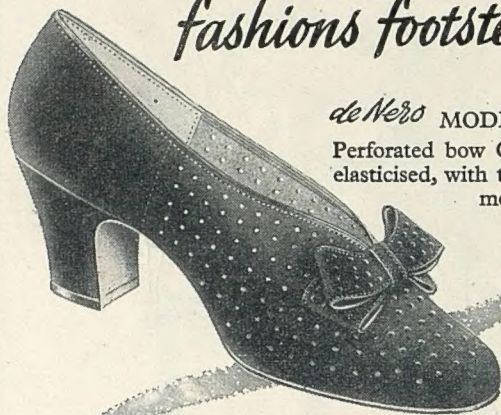
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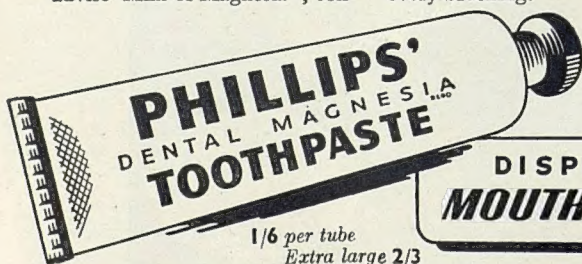


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Travellers' Joy (Continued from page 13)

for Manhattan headquarters. No executive action may be taken save on the rarest occasions—as with the hapless Count Bernadotte. He could take action of a kind and was shot for his pains.

These visiting V.I.P.s give pains chiefly to local diplomats, business men and bankers. The first find their work increased by having to report what is going on to their Governments, and the second and third object to being called from their own affairs to listen to a good deal of theory.

Yet all the statistics and other data may be of much assistance one day, whereas a second brand of V.I.P., also predominantly post-war, appears to waste its energy, the public money, and other people's time. They impressed themselves on the public mind when sixteen U.S. senators toured seven European countries in ten days, "studying" us. In happy vein someone wrote to the papers: "I see that the next batch of (only) nine senators are going to visit (only) six countries and (what do you think?) they are going to dawdle round them in leisurely fashion, allowing themselves a full fourteen days."

Yet it would be rash to insinuate that these affairs are joyrides pure and simple. I've come across some of these political V.I.P.s and a more spent lot (as in a Frankfurt heat-wave) it would be hard to conceive. No longer young, out of condition, running into unaccustomed living conditions, they long for the return home, a frame of mind hardly conducive to true and useful perspectives.

One thing in favour of these "visiting firemen," as Americans call one and all, is that they usually provide their own transport and manage to get Europe on to the front pages in their own fiefs—though just how, with what style of reports, is another matter.

NO single factor demonstrates more forcibly the shrinking of our world from human kind's standpoint than the lightning passage across it of V.I.P.s. Little is thought now of crossing and recrossing the Atlantic inside forty-eight hours, or the same with the Pacific in twenty-four hours longer. Work is done aboard, conferences held. A day is dawning when, not to be a good flyer, will be as great a handicap to the ambitious one, as are adenoids to the tribune.

The more one surveys current V.I.P.s, the different types, the more a merry-go-round comes to mind. That might be the best way of portraying them—each on his winged steed.

General Eisenhower's return put more V.I.P.s of the military genus into circulation.

The General's own desire is to keep the staff of S.H.A.P.E. to some two hundred officers drawn from ten or a dozen nationalities, and eventually to attach to his headquarters, outside Paris, an "international city" in which will reside the families of the main organization, together with those of ancillary branches—like, for example, twenty-seven National Military Representatives from nine countries.

Whoever heard of them! Nonetheless, they fulfil the highly important mission of presenting national points of view to S.H.A.P.E. and come under V.I.P. Colonel Drexel Biddle, well known in London during the late war and now "Ike's" political right hand in Paris.

The idea of the "international city," by the way, surpasses a desire for homogeneity and a happy internationalized family. It is aimed at attaining maximum possible security against "leakages" and spying in the dangerous Parisian setting. But what of V.I.P.s in all of this? Simply that S.H.A.P.E. breeds them, even as S.H.A.E.F. used to do.

I AM not going to inflict the usual string of capital letters, merely confining myself to the observation that there are more councils and committees in the great defence set-up converging on "Ike" and to a lesser extent on Ridgeway, than even the U.N. has fathered. The checking out of V.I.P.s from the Washington Pentagon (general defence building) alone, will at the present rate soon occupy a special bureau.

The man travelling for his government on international business or strictly national affairs is steadily contributing to the upward curve of V.I.P.s. Most involved in the former is a foreign office. The ambassador summoned home for consultation, the counsellor flying off to put his Government's view, or to confer with allies on agendas for approaching meetings, are now part of the warp and woof of "foreign affairs."

National affairs evoke a Strachey off to Africa to count his groundnuts, an Edwards off to the Argentine with "meat for the love of Eva!" uppermost in his mind, a Stokes headed for Washington in quest of additional raw materials.

Because they do not impinge on the western world, don't think the Russians haven't contracted the V.I.P. habit. The Russians travel in terrific style, but never use alien transport or accommodation if they can avoid either. What they do in their own country is a closed book, but everything points to the far-flung Soviet Union, with its deep social cleavages, being the scene of some pretty crude enjoyment of privileges by V.I.P.s.

We see enough to tell us so, on observing the Soviet leaders at U.N. lording it in the best suite in one of the "Queens." Yet that's only because there isn't a Russian "Queen." Soviet V.I.P.s stick to their embassies on all occasions and for all purposes.

As the tempo mounts between now and 1953 (if we are rewarded with such a "break"), certain types of V.I.P.s should diminish in activity, others advance. Whereas it is doubtful if the U.N. variety will continue to rotate with such frequency, those connected with N.A.T.O. (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) and with European Unity should do more than fill vacated seats on the carousel which goes round and round but isn't so merry.

END



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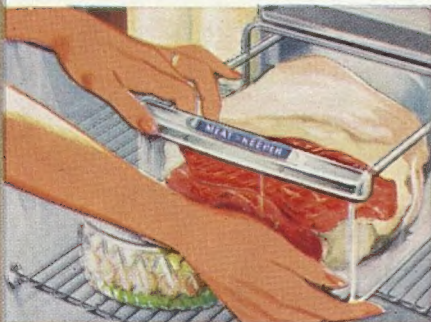
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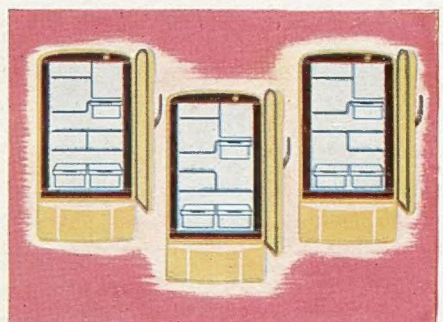
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